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| The JUNE Midland | Contained 12 | Contributions and 170,000 | Ems Reading Matter. |
| " JULY " | " 19 | " " 171,000 | " " " |
| " AUGUST " | Contains 25 | " " 225,000 | " " " |

AUGUST.

No-2.



THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO
MIDLAND LIT-
ERATURE & ART

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MRS. EMMA YARNALL ROSS,
Author of "The Way We Came, Extracts from the Diary of a Loyal Virginia
Woman during the War."

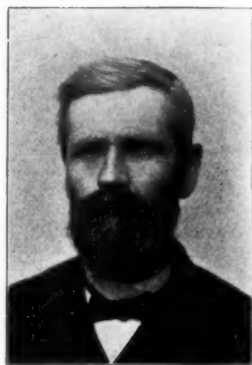


HON. S. R. DAVIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Author of the biographical sketch of Judge M. D. Hill, in the April MIDLAND, and
of a fortification sketch in the June MIDLAND, and also of an out-door sketch in the present number.

MIDLAND CONTRIBUTORS.



MRS. NELLIE R. CADY,
Author of "The Silence of the Flowers."



HON. EUGENE SECOR,
Author of "In the Queen's Domains," and
sole Judge of the Apianian Exhibit
at the World's Fair.

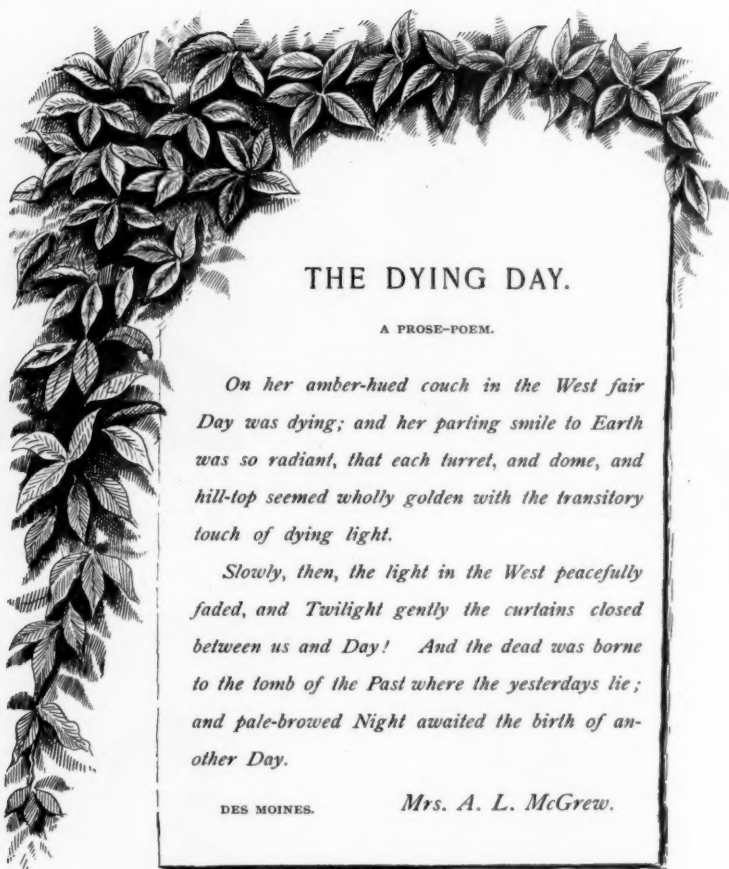


MRS. HARRIET M. TALMADGE,
Author Midland Vitagraphs, in the July and
August numbers.



MISS OLIVE M'HENRY,
Author of "Dallas — A Sketch."

MIDLAND CONTRIBUTORS.



THE DYING DAY.

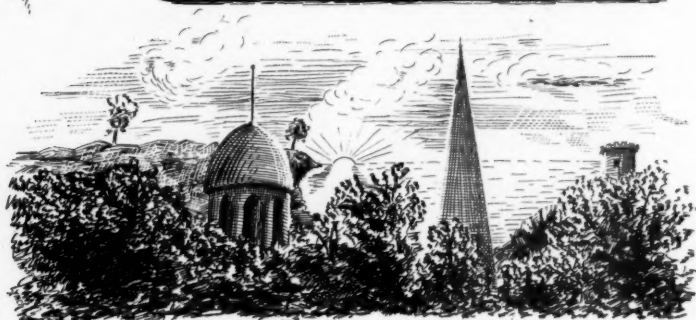
A PROSE-POEM.

*On her amber-hued couch in the West fair
Day was dying; and her parting smile to Earth
was so radiant, that each turret, and dome, and
hill-top seemed wholly golden with the transitory
touch of dying light.*

*Slowly, then, the light in the West peacefully
faded, and Twilight gently the curtains closed
between us and Day! And the dead was borne
to the tomb of the Past where the yesterdays lie;
and pale-browed Night awaited the birth of an-
other Day.*

DES MOINES.

Mrs. A. L. McGrew.



Drawing by Prof. G. W. Lynch.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME II.

AUGUST, 1894.

NUMBER 2.



Photo by Early.

WAITING FOR THE LAUNCH OF THE "ERICSSON."

THE TORPEDO-BOAT, "ERICSSON."

THE FIRST WAR VESSEL FOR OCEAN SERVICE CONSTRUCTED ON INLAND WATERS.

By B. W. BLANCHARD.

ON May 12, 1894, amid the booming of cannon and in the presence of ten thousand spectators, the second torpedo gunboat ever built in America, and the first war vessel constructed on inland waters, was launched, christened and baptised in the waters of the Mississippi river, at Dubuque, Iowa. The vessel was constructed by the Iowa Iron Works Company,—the first corporation in the west that has had the temerity to enter the lists with the Herschoffs of America or the Yarrow's of England in the building of war vessels.

The successful completion and launching of this wonderful craft by a manufacturing institution hitherto comparatively obscure, located in a modest and unpre-

tentious city in the middle-west, a thousand miles inland from the sea-coast, has been commented on by the press on both continents. It has developed the fact that war vessels can be built on inland waters, and the process of interior fortification may thereby be greatly facilitated.

This new ocean terror has been christened the "Ericsson"—in honor of the famous inventor. The first torpedo gunboat built for the American navy was named the "Cushing," and is said by experts to be far inferior in construction and important detail to the "Ericsson." Lieutenant Usher, who has been assigned to her command, having recently returned from a tour of inspection of the war-ships of the American navy, pro-

nounces the Dubuque product the most complete and thoroughly equipped of all Uncle Sam's coast defenders.

The launching of the "Ericsson" was attended by certain formal ceremonies, under the auspices of the Dubuque Board of Trade. Owing to the inability of the builders of the vessel to fix a date in advance on which the launching would occur, the government officials did not participate in the exercises. The "Ericsson" was christened by Miss Carrie Kiene, the accomplished daughter of Peter Kiene, Jr., of Dubuque, who broke a bottle of American champagne on its bow, and recited a poetical incantation supposed to invest with good fortune the future of the new naval destroyer. At a given signal the cannon on an adjacent bluff pealed out in hoarse and deafening tones that awakened the echoes for miles up and down the glistening path of the Mississippi, Father of Waters; the moorings were loosened; and, like a bird springing from its nest to greet the beauty and gladness of a summer morning, the "Ericsson" started from repose and gracefully glided into the blue depths of the harbor.

It was an inspiring spectacle. Expectant thousands stood waiting the event, rejoicing in the glories of that perfect May afternoon. The shores of the spacious harbor, the crests of the surrounding hills, the house-tops in every direction pulsed and quivered with humanity.

The baptism of the "Ericsson" was quite as perfect in reality as it was impressive in effect. Over its rounded hull of steel the waters rushed, wrapping it in a gossamer veil of foam and spray, which for a moment danced and shimmered in the sunlight, and then fell like a shower of glistening jewels upon the new-born queen of the American navy.

A brief description of this novel and wonderful addition to our naval armament, while necessarily somewhat prosaic, cannot fail to be interesting. There is such a wide dissimilarity between the dimensions of this vessel and its power as an agency of destruction, that at first

sight it challenges disappointment rather than admiration. It is an inferior looking craft when compared with any of the large war cruisers in the naval equipment of foreign nations, or even with any of those in Uncle Sam's galaxy of ocean terrors; and yet it has the power, in the hands of an experienced crew, to shiver any of these more formidable craft into fragments as easily as a child could crush an earth-worm beneath its foot. Its superiority consists in its fleetness, and the terrible destructiveness of its weapons of warfare.

The "Ericsson" is built entirely of steel, divided into twelve water-tight compartments. In shape she resembles a cigar of the "Perfecto" pattern. Her length is one hundred and fifty feet, width fifteen and one-half feet, and depth ten feet. When in motion she will draw about five feet of water, leaving only one-half of her hull exposed. Hardly as large as a pleasure yacht, she is nevertheless the most dangerous and invincible of all the formidable warriors upon the high seas.

In the construction of the "Ericsson," the question of speed has been uppermost. Her lines have been perfected with great care, and her displacement has been reduced to the minimum. She is equipped with two boilers of one thousand horse-power each and two complete vertical, inverted, four-cylinder, quadruple expansion marine engines, making sixteen interworking engines in all, and giving her propellers a speed of four hundred and twenty revolutions per minute. The contract-price of the vessel is \$113,500, and she must be able to make not less than twenty-four knots an hour on her trial trip, which is to take place under the supervision of the navy department in New York harbor. At the contract price her builders will be losers, but the government offers a bonus of \$15,000 for each knot the vessel is able to accomplish over the required twenty-four knots. It can now be seen why the question of speed entered so largely into the detail of construction. It is expected that she will make at least twenty-eight

knots an hour on her trial trip, thus assuring her builders a bonus of \$60,000. Should she succeed in doing this, she will be the fastest torpedo-boat in the world. As fleetness is one of her chief points of superiority as a coast defender, the government can well afford to pay the bonus offered as an inducement for greater speed.

The "Ericsson" is not designed for warfare at short range. It is in the line of tactics that she is expected to excel, and she is to be operated on the principle that it is better to "fight and run away and live to fight another day." She will

be said to be reasonably secure from serious accident.

The armament of the "Ericsson" consists of three torpedo guns, one on the extreme bow and two on a revolving device near the stern.

I come now to the most interesting of the many wonderful features of this novel ocean warrior. The general public has a vague and incorrect idea of the true character and operation of a torpedo-boat. Many people erroneously think the boat is so constructed as to automatically sink beneath the water, covertly



Photo by Early.

LAUNCH OF THE "ERICSSON."

never approach her enemy nearer than a half-mile, and, after firing her torpedoes, she will turn quickly about and beat a hasty retreat. She will not be foolhardy enough to expose her slender form to the huge and destructive shells of the war-cruisers with which she may engage in conflict. However, if she should be so unfortunate as to be punctured by a shell in any one of her water-tight compartments, she would still be sea-worthy. Boilers and engines each occupy separate compartments, and each can be operated independently of the other; and with a pumping capacity that enables her to pump out her own weight in water (120 tons) every fifteen minutes, she may

approach the enemy, attach a torpedo at a vulnerable point, retire to a safe distance and by means of electrical appliances explode the bomb and annihilate the object of its attack. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

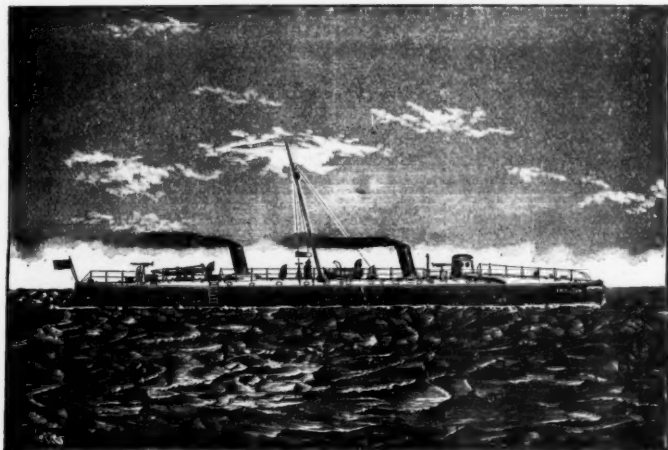
The vessel itself does not disappear beneath the waves, but the torpedoes, which I will presently describe, are sent out on their mission of destruction, traveling silently and unseen below the surface of the water, self-propelled by intricate machinery, at a speed of thirty knots (34½ miles) an hour; and should one of these projectiles strike the largest war vessel afloat below the armor plate, it would blow it into a thousand fragments.

The torpedoes to be used by the "Ericsson" are of the Whitehead auto-mobile (American) pattern, twelve feet in length and weighing from eight hundred to one thousand pounds each. In shape, they resemble the boat—in fact, each one is a complete vessel in itself, divided into compartments and carrying its own motive and explosive power.

In the first section of the torpedo is placed a heavy charge of dynamite. The next compartment contains the regulating or steering apparatus, by which the torpedo is adjusted to a certain depth for its

neath the waters which well guard its secret mission; and woe betide the object with which it comes in contact, for the force of the impact would shatter it into a thousand fragments.

When in service, the "Ericsson" first fires its forward gun and at once puts about for a swift retreat. She can turn in a space of half her length; and when half-way about, another torpedo is fired from the pivotal gun on the revolving carriage at the stern. When fully turned about, the third torpedo is set loose, all having been discharged along the same



THE "ERICSSON" AT SEA.

deadly mission against the enemy. In the next section is the "boiler room" or power chamber, which contains enough compressed air to propel the torpedo a proper distance. In the compartment following is located a three-cylinder brotherhood engine, operating twin screws which work in opposite directions on the same axis, thus preventing the torpedo from turning in the water.

The bow torpedo is not shot from the vessel—it is simply tossed into the water by a pressure of sixty pounds of compressed air. It instantly sinks to the required depth, when its machinery starts in motion and away it speeds, as rapidly as a railroad train, unseen, unheard, be-

range, and the vessel proceeds to get out of harm's way at a speed of from twenty-four to thirty knots an hour.

The crew of the "Ericsson" consists of twenty-seven men. Lieutenant Usher, of the United States navy, is her commander. She is supplied with twenty incandescent lights and one large electric search-light, and has a distilling apparatus for freshening salt water. Lieutenant Usher pronounces her the most perfect and wonderful vessel in the navy. England and Russia have long employed torpedo-boats, but when these nations wish to build a perfect vessel of that nature, they will be compelled to come to America and secure a plan of the "Ericsson."

LIFE AMONG THE ALASKANS. II.

THE INDIAN DOCTOR—HIS "HEROIC TREATMENT" FOR WITCHCRAFT—INDIAN
DIPLOMACY—RUSSIAN-INDIAN BURIAL CUSTOMS—
ALASKAN BOY LIFE AND ITS PERILS.

BY JOHN H. KEATLEY.

ONE of the most singular and characteristic social features of native life in Alaska relates to the Indian doctor or chaman. The North-American Indian of the interior cures diseases with specific herbs and roots, and with various kinds of hot or steam baths. The Alaskans believe that disease is the result of the presence of some kind of an evil spirit. In other words, they are firm believers in witchcraft; and depend upon the chaman to exorcise the evil spirit. They have entire confidence in his ability. It is no difficult matter to single him out from among the rest of the inhabitants of any village along the coast. He is particularly distinguished by his long hair, and the gaudily decorated fur robes which he throws around him when moving about.

In exercising his profession he employs a great variety of rattles and hideous looking masks with which he frightens the devil or other evil spirit out of his patient. Formerly, it was within his jurisdiction to prescribe the punishment, too, that was to be inflicted upon the poor wretch charged with witchcraft, and with having exercised these mischievous spells over a personal enemy.

A case happened as late as 1887, where the dying Indian husband accused his wife, to the chaman, with having afflicted him with an evil spirit. The chaman, therefore, caused the poor woman to be tied to a tree, to there remain until sundown, when her throat was to be cut, as a punishment for her wickedness. The law officers of

the district heard of it, caused the woman to be released, and the chaman to be arrested. The latter was brought into the court room, a barber sent for by the judge, and his hair cut close to the head. Feeling the ineffable disgrace of his position very keenly, he left Juneau, abandoned his native village close by, and was never heard of afterward.

The chaman is never buried in the burial-place of his own people. Formerly, cremation was the usual method of dis-



ALASKAN CHAMAN, OR DOCTOR, TYING A WITCH.

posing of the remains of these doctors ; but this practice now seldom prevails. In the fall of 1888, a chaman at the Hoonah village, about seventy-five miles by canoe from the usual steamer route, died, on a Saturday. He was a very old man. Each village has a large log building called a guest-house, used by strangers who come to the village to visit friends or relatives. Relatives do not take up their quarters with their own kin when they come to a village to visit them. They go to the guest-house and sleep and eat, carrying their own food with them. The guest-house is also used in all cases of public ceremony. In the case of the dead chaman whom I have mentioned, all the old men of the village assembled after dark the day of his death, at the guest-house, each one bringing his own pipe and tobacco, and for three or four hours, spent the time in talking over the personal history of the dead chaman and indulging in reminiscences of his great skill. The next day, a great pile of dry driftwood was assembled on the beach, in front of the village. First upon this were spread a number of his most valuable fur robes; and his body was afterward placed thereon, with his masks and rattles and other implements of incantation ; the whole covered with a series of rich and valuable furs, and the pile fired and consumed. The practice now is, for the chaman and some special friend to go in a canoe to a lonely spot along the beach, at some of the islands, and there select a spot for his future burial. The secret is kept by these two. When death finally comes to the chaman, the secret is divulged to the rest of the village ; the body is taken in a procession of canoes, placed upon a pile of robes upon a flat rock, or upon the ground under some spruce or fir tree, and a solid log house or structure built over it to protect it from wolves or other wild animals. Passing along through the narrow steamer channels, one can see many of these lonely structures by the water side and under the shadow of the overhanging mountains.

The arts of diplomacy have been practiced with a good deal of skill by those people for many generations. Their rules of war are adhered to with a great deal of strictness. About thirty-five years ago, twenty-five or thirty canoe-loads of Koloshes, or Sitkan Indians, went down the coast several hundred miles, to the mouth of the Stikeen river, to make war upon the people of the Stikeen village, then having a population of about eight hundred. They hoped to catch them napping. The party, upon approaching the Stikeen river, found, in one of the small bays, a man and woman from the Stikeen village, fishing in their canoe. Both were treacherously murdered; certain marks by way of mutilation, indicating by whom inflicted, were cut into their bodies, and the canoe with its murdered occupants was fastened to the shore of the inlet. The Koloshes then returned to Sitka, and held a great war dance over the achievement. A week afterward, several hundred Stikeen war canoes reached Sitka, made a night attack upon the Kolosh village and killed about thirty of their enemies ; but a peace was patched up by the intervention of the Russians under whose protection the Sitkans then were. A provisional peace was stipulated ; but it has never been really confirmed, though no hostile act has since been committed by either party.

I have several times noticed, that while the Stikeens and the Sitkan Indians were apparently at peace with each other and friendly, there did not seem to be the same degree of cordiality as was between each tribe and the people of other native villages. It was explained to me by Charley Ki a Stikeen Indian, well acquainted with their ancient usages and customs, that no permanent peace could ever exist unless confirmed by a great feast, participated in by the people of both belligerent villages. In this case it has never been found convenient to confirm the peace by such a festivity ; and, while there has been no hostile demonstration for many years, none of them regard peace as absolutely established.

In a former paper I briefly described a Russian-Indian wedding, under the auspices of the Greco-Russian church of Alaska. Their burial of the dead is also as different from ours as are their usual marriage rites. The solemnity is singular and impressive at any time; but when it occurs on one of those dark, cloudy, rainy days so common in that country, it creates a melancholy feeling even in unimpressible persons. I recall the burial of a Russian creole woman on such a dark and gloomy day. The body was taken from her home and the coffin placed in the north transept of the church, which is separated from the body of the church by a glass screen. The lid of the coffin was removed, and candles were placed at the head and the foot of the corpse. The priest, clad in one of his gorgeous robes, suited to the occasion and to this special rite, placed himself at the head of the coffin, and there intoned the mass for three hours—at short intervals going into the sacristy, behind the altar screen, and returning again to the place by the corpse. Meanwhile all the communicants of the church and friends of the deceased, whether of kin or not, old and young, entered the enclosure one by one as they came to the church, and reverently kissed the lips of the dead woman. At noon, the deacons removed the corpse into the body of the church, and all the candles in and about the altar were lighted. The church was also filled with people, most of them Indians.

After the priest had again sung the mass in Slavonic, for about half an hour, one of the deacons placed a lighted candle in the hands of every communicant present, and it was then that the spectacle presented a most singular appearance. At certain signs from the priest, all the communicants fell upon their faces, in adoration, holding the blazing candles above their heads. A choir of



RUSSIAN BLOCK HOUSE, SITKA, ALASKA.

male voices seated in a small gallery nearly overhead, within the dome, assisted in making the responses in Russian. The rites in the body of the church lasted another two hours. The rain was pouring in torrents outside, and it was almost as dark as night from the dense clouds and mist that fairly clung to the earth. The ceremony over in the church, the procession was formed to proceed to the cemetery, a quarter of a mile distant. It was headed by the priest and the deacons, bare-headed, singing a dirge in Russian. Next came the uncovered coffin borne on the shoulders of four stout Indians as pall-bearers and four other Indian pall-bearers carried the coffin lid to the grave. All Indian and Creole graves in Alaska have some structure built over them. In the case of small children, it is often a very small "A" tent made of

cheap muslin and closed at both ends; and beside containing the coffin of the child, placed on top of ground, its playthings and toys are laid about it, and never disturbed. In the case of adult persons, wooden structures are generally placed over the grave and surrounded by a picket fence to guard against intrusion.

In many instances I noticed a great regard on the part of the Indian parents for their children. On the other hand, it is a well-known fact that, when the children grow to manhood and womanhood, they become exceedingly ungrateful to their

their heads to untie a canoe, capable of carrying eight or ten persons, in front of the village, and take a sail down the bay to some fishing grounds. The tide, which rises and falls at Sitka about eighteen feet, was running at a wild rate, and passing out between two of the small rocky islands which separate the waters of the bay from the ocean itself. These Indian boys were thus exposed to the great swell that has its origin hundreds of miles at sea toward the coast of Japan. They had gone down the bay with the tide for about three-quarters of a mile,



GROUP OF ALASKAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

old parents and care very little what becomes of them in old age.

Indian boys and girls in Alaska indulge in about the same amusements as white children in the states. The "Tug of War," at all the villages, no matter how remote, is a favorite sport among the larger boys. They are also taught at a very early age to handle the canoe. The self-possession of some of those small children, when in actual danger, and when in a canoe, is remarkable. A single instance will illustrate this.

One day, two dusky urchins, not more than four or five years old, took it into

when the great swell coming in between the islands capsized the canoe, and sent the little ones, yelling and laughing, into the water. They were not a particle frightened, though the water, where they were, was more than seventy-five feet deep; but, with admirable self-possession, they swam like ducks, until they again reached the canoe, and in some way crawled up it sides and seated themselves astride its keel. They were finally rescued, and their canoe righted, by several marines who witnessed their mishap from the shore. Their journey was not discontinued, only interrupted.



LENOX AND HER CAMPUS.

A TYPICAL WESTERN COLLEGE.

BY ALFRED L. FLUDE.

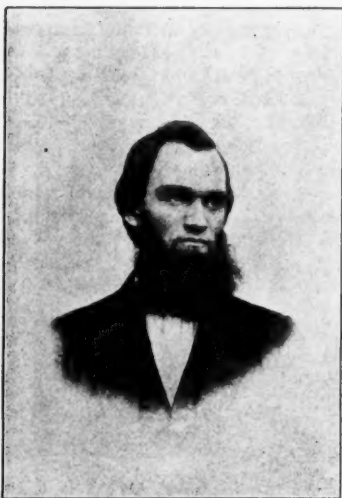
IT was in March, 1893, that Scribner's Magazine published that peculiarly libelous story of western college culture, entitled "Ezra Hardman, M. A.", which created considerable comment at that time, not on account of any unusual merit in the article, but simply because the grounds were debatable and because it was very doubtful if the author did justice to the schools of the West. That a professor of history in one of the smaller western colleges should be unable to secure a degree of Ph. D. in a second-class eastern university after two years of hard work, seems hardly in accordance with facts, and to portray him as a backwoodsman, using language which would hardly be used by a primary scholar in a western graded school, was, to say the least, a trifle ridiculous.

But it is unnecessary for the West to apologize for her schools. If their work does not argue for them, of what use is further talk? The schools of the West have largely placed her where she is. They have busied themselves sending out sturdy men and women, who are

building up an aristocracy of brains, which, as this is principally addressed to western readers, we might almost call "culture."

These colleges have not been the slow growths of generations. Forty years ago there was hardly a college or a seminary in the State of Iowa. Suddenly an educational zeal was manifested and during the years 1858, '59 and '60, several institutions of learning were organized. Among these was "Bowen's Collegiate Institute" (now Lenox College), one of the earliest institutions of learning in the commonwealth of Iowa, and one which has a somewhat noteworthy record.

It was in September, 1859, that the then sleepy little town of Hopkinton, Delaware county, was first awakened out of its lethargy by the advent of college students; and the boys and girls have kept the good people of the town from nodding ever since, unless it be during an occasional summer vacation nap. Of what use is it to tell of the difficulties which were first overcome before the new project could become organized and take



CAPTAIN JAMES N. MCKEAN,
First President of Lenox College.

its place as an institution of learning? The story is similar to that of every other Iowa college. I will not bore the reader with these details. That it really did open several years after the project was begun, and that there were over a hundred students during the first year, is proof enough that the usual difficulties were, in some measure, overcome. Neither shall I tell you about the dance by which the finishing expenses were raised, because—well, times are different now, you know, and Lenox is a very orthodox and respectable Presbyterian school, under the care of a no less respectable body than the Synod of Iowa. For lack of space, I cannot tell you about the “bell festivals,” the “term sociables” (those most stately affairs wherein the students marched in solemn procession around the chapel aisles and were supposed to become acquainted), the joint debates nor the public. Looking over the yellow programs of the old days, there is a surprisingly familiar air to them all, as if one were reading the program of some pleasing event to occur next week. And if I should tell you about Mary Walker

(Dr. Mary Walker, of Washington fame), I would talk in a whisper; how she decided to sit with the young men during chapel exercises, and how she was expelled from the college for refusing to keep on the ladies' side of the fence (the chapel is divided by a low partition), and how all the young men waxed indignant and were expelled for their interference, and how they came back, repentant, leaving poor Mary out in the cold; all this I would tell you in a low voice, a very low voice, indeed! for things have so changed in thirty-five years, that it is hard for the present generation of college students to comprehend the many conditions of student life in the old days.

The Lenox boys went down South to put down the Rebellion. It is an interesting little bit of State history, that president James McKean organized a company from among the students, which embraced all but two of the young men in the institution at that time, and as captain of the company led them to war. Ninety-two Lenox students enlisted, a larger per cent than from any other institution of



WILLIAM FLUDE,
Financial Manager of Lenox College from 1858 to 1892,
and Director of Music from 1859 to the
Present Time.



WHERE THE WILD FLOWERS GROW.

learning in Iowa. Captain McKean died in the South and a beautiful monument in the Lenox College campus is dedicated to his memory, and to that of the brave Lenox boys who, with him, died in the defense of their country.

But you shall not be burdened with college history. In fact, I cannot do better than simply ramble around the old town of Hopkinton and talk in an aimless sort of way of what life is like in a western college, situated in a truly rural town, and how the boys at Lenox contrive—

"To drive dull care away,
To drive dull care away,
For it's a way we have at old Lenox
To drive dull care away."

There is nothing citified about Hopkinton. Oh, bless you, no! In spite of its fine houses, its beautiful gardens and the electric lights which will soon begin to glimmer among its trees, it has all the rusticity of a corn-field. And in the summer, I might add, it has all the beauty of a forest. It is buried in trees. Only an occasional house has the courage to peep out boldly. Lower Main street is arched with elms. The college campus, high above most of the town, is covered with maples, and a prettier campus could hardly be found. It used to

look especially charming on the moonlight nights of long ago. It did, indeed! Especially if some enthusiastic lady student were with one to enjoy it too. The campus did look ideally beautiful, on such occasions. I'll leave it to any of the old boys, if that is not a fact. I presume the old maple branches hang low over the paths these moonlight nights, just as in the long ago. But the old maples never tell any tales, and their chief duty on moonlight nights is to hide the promenaders from the too-prying eyes of the man in the moon!

Don't think for a moment, however, that the chief duty of the Lenox boys and girls is to wait for moonlight nights. If ever a locality can influence a student to study, it is some rural town where distractions are few, and where the incentives to hard work are so strong. Lenox has sent out many sturdy students. She furnished Iowa with her present State Geologist, Prof. T. H. McBride. In fact, Lenox men and women are holding prominent places in all parts of the State. Being under the control of a denomination, the institution is naturally well represented in the ecclesiastical field. Her foreign missionaries are scattered about in India, China, Palestine, the republics of South America, and in fact

in almost every country on the globe. Above all else, Lenox is a Christian institution.

But in spite of Christian ethics, Greek roots and algebraic equations, "boys will be boys" and girls will be girls, and I fear many of us remember the nooks and crannies along the Maquoketa more readily than we do the school lore crammed into our heads with such zealous patience by the "Profs." of long ago. Not that the time was wasted; no, indeed! There is something better than Greek roots to be learned in college—the art of attaining true manhood and womanhood. A college education is the best assistant any man can secure to aid him through life, but there is more in a college education than is found in the curriculum. And so, one of the kindest and most genial of the old Lenox instructors was the placid Maquoketa, which had charge of the Saturday botany and geology excursions and furnished, along its sloping banks, a laboratory filled with enough material to busy more students than old Lenox or any other institution can care for. A thousand varieties of wild flowers blossom along its borders. It is on its banks that the first anemones of the spring peep out, only to be followed by

the blood-root, "Dutchman's breeches," Indian pipe (that shy beauty), and a host of other flowers which Gray himself would have found it difficult to name without his text-book. No wonder the boys and girls grew enthusiastic over the delightful study and were glad to wander away on a holiday down where the hepaticas and spring beauties nodded and beckoned from their crannies in the rocks, greeting their old time friends; where the "larkspur listens—I hear, I hear! And the lily whispers—I wait."

Perhaps the professors will think that too much has been said already about college play and not enough about college work. But, bother the professors and school work! Didn't they hold dominion over us through those long college years? and didn't they torment us with Latin and Greek, and feed us on logarithms? and didn't they serve up French and German for desert? This is not an advertisement, and I shall take the liberty of saying what I please. I am perfectly aware that Lenox has always stood near the front in the State oratorical contests, and that this year she won first honors, represented by the son of that same President McKean, who led the boys to the war. I know a hundred other points



A LITTLE RELAXATION.

which they might like to have recited, but I shall not be so obliging. Does anybody ever read anything about Yale and Harvard other than their base ball and foot ball news? Why then should we remember only logic and conic sections?

There was another resort that rivaled the Maquoketa. It was there that our picnics were held. Its name is Hillside, and the name not more romantic than the spot itself. It is a genuine Deserted Village nestled among the rocks that fringe the banks of the North Branch. Its high bluffs, the ruins of its old paper mills, the silent grist-mill, fast falling to decay; the old flume and ruined dam, the score of tenantless houses, all are sources of unfailing interest. And if the picnics of the long ago, the rambles among the bluffs, or through the underground flume, are remembered long after the musty equations are forgotten: if by chance we forget the Rambles of Ulysses and remember the rambles at Hillside,—well, is it not as profitable a remembrance as the last year's foot ball score?

Yet, one must have some respect for orthodox opinions. So I shall say nothing about any Hallowe'en pranks, and leave the readers to believe that the orthodox professors were never shocked on finding a calf in the president's chair, or flaming mottoes upon the belfry; that the students were always in their rooms after the study bell, and that Hopkinton gates and movable property are as safe on the night dedicated to the witches and the fairies as upon any night in the year.

To cut this long story short, Lenox is a typical western college, boasting not of metropolitan advantages, but rather wearing the quiet air of a reflective student. It is far enough away from all bustle and excitement to do a little dreaming and a great deal of hard work. It avoids the pretentious display of schools aping metropolitan institutions, and is a veritable boon to the student whose limited means

necessitate the practicing of rigid economy. This characteristic has called to the institution young men and women from the farms and from the villages who are there for work and not for recreation, who feel they can ill afford to lose a moment of the time accorded them for study. They have gone to work with the same grim determination to accomplish some-



IN HONOR OF LENOX' DEAD.

thing that their parents evinced in their pioneer struggles, by which they have changed the commonwealth of Iowa from a wilderness to a prosperous state. They work with as much vigor as they would labor in the hay field. They will wrest an education from their books by sheer force of will; and such students will be sure to enter practical life equipped for the battle far more fully than the young man who dawdles away his time at a popular college merely to enjoy himself,

and with but little care for what the future may have in store.

There is a grim determination about these western country college students which is almost pathetic. This entering college—being educated, in the broader sense—has been a dream with them which they have hardly hoped to see fulfilled. Every day's study and recreation represents to them the result of hard work and of privation upon the farm. They are afraid to lose a moment. The students from western farms, who are really in earnest, as most of them are, almost begrudge their holidays. They are the slowest to learn. They do not lean very greatly to athletics—except in the hayfield in summer. They leave the ranks of the bicycle club rather thin. But they *do* work. They realize that the opportunity they have must be improved. They enter their rooms at the beginning of study hours with much the same feeling with which they would enter the harvest field. There is no time for loafing, no time for visiting, no time for anything but work.

The farm boys at school may be a trifle awkward at first. Perhaps in some schools they would be made to feel their awkwardness. These country colleges are unpretentious, and there can be but little rivalry between them and the city institutions. But if these students lack in ease at first, if they blunder over the most common courtesies, there is one splendid thing about them, they are inherently chivalrous and polite. Another strong point with them is their knack for hard work. Neither is their work in vain. They are developing into a class of common-sense men and women who are best fitted for business and home life; and the western colleges, especially those most rural in their surroundings, are performing an important work in advancing education in the West.

There rises before me as I write the picture of a Lenox student, who crowded his head with Latin and Greek under the tutorship of the good old Dr. Hodge. (How many of the Lenox boys still bless the Doctor's name!) He sidled into

chapel one morning during the first of the fall term, green and bashful as any country bumpkin ever seen. He was slow to make friends and no one realized his awkwardness and uncouthness more keenly than himself. But there was one characteristic that saved him—he knew how to work. His lessons were plodded over hour after hour, day after day, and finally learned in spite of an apparent dullness of comprehension, which, perhaps, was nothing more than shyness. He was never brilliant, but he was honest. He was never quick to understand, but he was persevering. He was determined to surmount all obstacles and obtain the coveted education. Mornings and nights found him sawing wood about town. I am sorry I cannot relate, in true Sabbath-school library style, that he is now a president or a senator. But he is not. He is not even brilliant. He is the same old careful plodder as of yore. But he is a Presbyterian minister who has filled some of the best pulpits in the state. Looking back at the year when he entered, one might count nine-tenths of the seniors of that year as being just as careful, conscientious plodders. It is a characteristic of the West. It is still more a characteristic of the western farmer. And the farmer boy, as he attends Lenox, or any other truly rural western college, exhibits the same tenacity of purpose, the same conscientious regard for duties, the same propensity for hard work. These rural colleges do not—cannot—graduate many of the scholars of to-day. It is not necessary that they should make such pretensions. Scholarship means so much now that but few can attain it. But they can and do graduate classes of men and women that are filling the West with a higher standard of manhood and womanhood, and they have solved the problem of the possibility of implanting educated men and women upon the farms, and in the country towns. They, more than their more pretentious rivals, have placed the facilities for education within the reach of all, and the entire West owes to them its gratitude for the position in the scale of civilization which it holds to-day.

NOOKS AND CRANNIES OF SCOTLAND. IV.

THE HOME OF BURNS—BONNY BITS OF AYRSHIRE.

By G. W. E. HILL.

"Among the bonny winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin', clear,
Where Bruce ance ruled the martial ranks,
And shook his Carrick spear;
The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blithe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, and warm, and kin':
The lads sae trig, w' woover-babs
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, and some w' gabs,
Gar lassies' hearts gang startin'."

So sung Robert Burns of his own fair land and especially of Ayrshire. A week's sojourn among the scenes familiar to the plowboy poet made us to feel much of the inspiration that thrilled his soul as he sung—

"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!"

At the little stone house where Robbie Burns first saw the light, the homesick American may see scores of names of his countrymen recorded in the visitors' book, and there is probably no place in all Scotland that may more nearly be considered a Mecca than Ayr. Saint and sinner have alike admired the quaint dialect and homely naturalness of this poet of the people. We naturally drifted toward this birth-place and thereby seemed to come into closer sympathy with the sentiment of the man who immortalized Ayr. We saw the "Twa Brigs," the little room where "Robbie" first saw the day, "Alloway Kirk," the "Auld Brig," and the road along the banks of Doon. All this was real pleasure, but to go to Ayrshire and see Ayr only is to fail to see some of the fairest nooks and crannies of this land of thistle and heather. There is many a canny bit in fair Ayrshire to pay for more than a passing glance.

Leaving Glasgow by way of the famous Great Western, changing trains at Kilmar-nock and transferring to the New Milns branch and on to where, midst hurrying burn and tangled wildwood, the traveler

sees lowland Scotland at her best, one revels amid delightful scenes and historic associations, while animated industry gives a suggestion of Scotland's great resources. By such a journey one comes to the fair valley of the Irvin, traversed by the river from which the valley derives its name. Fair and peaceful this valley lies enthroned upon the banks of its own blue river. It is scarcely a creek in size, but its waters are clear and it rattles merrily over its stony bed:

"Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
W' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel."

Three villages lie snug and low among the hills, Galston, New Milns and Darvel. The six days spent in and about these villages passed all too quickly by. Galston was the first place to which we came. We bided here at the wee manse along with Pastor Steele. Within this home was so much of pure and beautiful living! I fondly recall the lovely maiden, Agnes, who, though lying close to the borderland of God's country, when we came to the time of leave-taking, said: "Fether, bring me the casket, and we'll send some o' the shells that came from John O'Groat's house to the wee bairnie in Iowa."

In this same home, when bedtime came and the good man of the house brought out the auld book, the Scotch collie left his mat beside the grate and, with all the dignity of an elder of the church, crossed the room, seated himself upon his haunches beside the old settee, complacently stretched out his fore-paws upon the bench, put his head low upon his paws and remained thus while the scripture was being read and the prayers

said. This was an act of his own assuming and he did his part well.

Just over on the other side of the valley from Galston, the white turrets of Loudon castle rise above the green of "Loudon's bonny woods and braes." It is a fine old house and about it lie the broad acres of a magnificent estate, entailed of course, and so heavily mortgaged that its present owner knows no pleasure unless it may be considered a privilege to liquidate the debts of his ancestry. Loudon is fair to look upon. The soil is rich and

leads through Loudon's woods. Walls of stone, ivy covered, or hedge of hawthorn, separate the highway from the undulating meadow lands where fat landsowns or sleek merinos crop the succulent grasses. The broad fields of Loudon reach far away and the river Irvin rambles through them. A short detour and we are within the grounds of Cess Nock.

A few rods further on we pass a clump of trees and before us is old Cess Nock castle, gray with the mosses of a thousand years. There are many quaint and



A SCOTTISH HOME.

"The Manor House of Lan Fine is plain and unpretentious."

deep and, were it not for its accursed entailment, might become a source of great profit to its owner, but not one acre may be sold and every crop for years to come must go to satisfy the claims of hungry creditors. The late Laird received the magnificent estate free from incumbrance, but, immediately upon his accession to his title and fortune, he began a wild and dissipated career that ended, ere he had reached thirty years, in self-destruction, and left to his next of male kin his title and his debts.

Along the road to New Milns, we come by way of the splendid country road that

curious angles, deep dungeons, and over all rests the halo of legend grim. This is the Scottish estate of the Duke of Portland, and during the hunting season is filled with Britain's upper-tendom. It is a most substantial pile, this same Cess Nock, although in many ways it lacks the picturesque beauty of location and appointment found in many another "auld Scotch biggen."

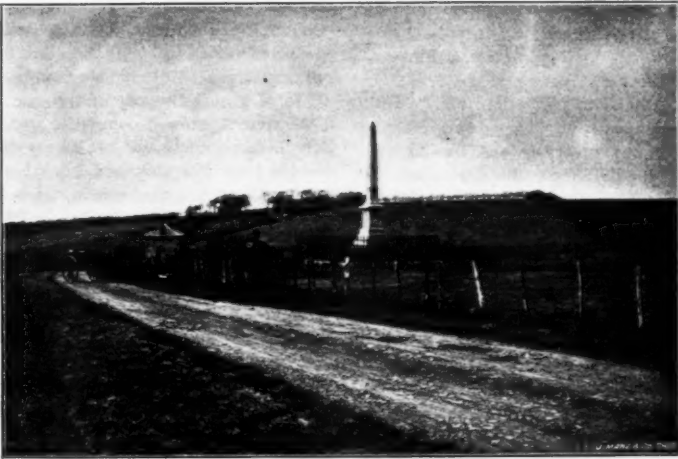
The Duke of Portland is one of the seven great dukes of Britain. The castle is in the parish of Galston and situated on the Cess Nock. Here dwelt Robbie Burns' fair maid of whom he wrote:

"On Cess Nock banks a lassie dwells,
Could I describe her shape and mien;
Our lassies a' she far excels;
And she's twa sparkling roguish een."

The tourist is granted access to the grounds of both of these estates and application to the factor gives one access to the castles themselves. Both castles are hoary with age and are well preserved types of the feudal days.

Two miles farther on, we enter the splendid policies of Lan Fine. This estate, one of the most magnificent and

of beauty. Here the broken wall underlying the stream is carried out, and the water thus made to fall in a silvery cascade. Yonder jutting cliff is bleak and barren, but it has been walled about, earth placed thereon and tangled vines and blooming shrubs planted therein. Nature's loving hand has lavishly planted the graceful fern, and these, with the rich deep green of the ivy, hide every unsightly rock and broken tree. Fine Macadam roads, in places bordered with walls of green, fir, cedar, arbor vitæ and



AN OPEN COUNTRY VIEW IN SCOTLAND.

"An elegant granite shaft marks the place and tells the story of their bravery."

well cared for in Scotland, is the property of a Miss Brown, an aged spinster with no living relative. Kind of heart, sweet-faced and gracious, she devotes herself to the work of assisting and developing the peasantry. Lan Fine in June is a dreamland. Here landscape gardening has been made an art. Hundreds of acres are devoted to flowers, shrubs and fruit. Many hands are kept busy the year round, and many hearts are lightened and many homes brightened by this outlay. Many a dark and forbidding den, under the skilled touch of the gardener, has become a thing

ivy, are a constant wonder and delight. At times these green walls, carefully pruned, are twenty-five feet in height, and again, for many rods the roadway is bordered with rhododendrons, azalias, laburnums or roses, forming an impenetrable mass. The botanical gardens of Lan Fine are among the best in Scotland; while the grapes, peaches, oranges and wonderful exotics make the acres of conservatories a wonderland of beauty. We must not forget the sloping meadowlands, rich with their flocks and beautiful with the meek-eyed daisy, immortalized by the hero of this shire.

"The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But Thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane."

We had viewed the splendid policies of Dalhousie, Glamis, Kinnaird, Balmoral and a host of others, but not until we came to Lan Fine did any feeling like to envy come to us. Here within the shadow of a home that knew no pedigree, we felt we had found an earthly Eden! The manor house of Lan Fine is plain and unpretentious, with no intimation of the immense income of its owner, but it is a canny home, its mistress being noted for kindly deeds and not for profligate sires.

New Milns and Darvel are busy manufacturing towns, and here beautiful carpets, soft and velvety as those turned from oriental looms, lovely tapestry and wonderful laces are produced in abundance. An interesting social study were these busy towns. At both villages we were entertained at the home of the manufacturers, giving us ample opportunity to study life among the weavers. Kirkland Park, the great house of Darvel, is the home of Mr. Alexander Morton, who has amassed a fortune, beginning at the hand loom. His home was so bonny and the whole family so canty that our stay in this dear cranny ended all too soon.

We made several short pilgrimages through the country; out to Loudon Hill, a sharp eminence, from the summit of which one gets a fine view of the surrounding country; down to where the people gather turf, and on to old Drum Clog monument. Here the grand old Covenanters met the wicked Claver house in final battle.

On this same spot the Covenanters had met one Lord's day to worship in their simple faith; their tabernacle was the

open field, roofed in by God's own blue. Each man came armed with long flintlock, as a necessary precaution. Suddenly, and with no note of warning, the robber hordes of Claver house came sweeping down upon them. Short but decisive was the battle, but it resulted in victory for the forces of the "New Faith." An elegant granite shaft marks the place and tells the story of their bravery.

Tourists who visit Scotia and fail to see Melrose, Abbotsford, The Trossachs, Ayr, and Sterling, might well feel that they had not seen it at all; and to go there and not spend days at Auld Reekie (Scotch for Edinburgh) would be a positive sin of omission. All these are fine; but don't forget Caledonia's bonnie *birs*. Go to Inverness by way of the wonderful Kiles of Bute, Loch Ness and the Caledonian Canal, and return by Killcrankie Pass, Pitlochry and Loch Leven. See Gannochy, Den Fernelli, Glen Esk and the Valley of the Irvin. A failure to see these is a failure to see some of the fairest nooks and brightest crannies of dear "Auld Scotia," a land alive with industry, patriotism, honest yeomanry and frugal homes.

"When Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome."

So sang Burns, and so say we. We look forward to the day when we shall tread again the Highland paths and visit in the canty people's homes. Steadfast and loyal, brave to a fault, are the people of this northern land.

"Bannocks o' bear-meal,
Bannocks o' barley,
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley!
Wha in a brulzie,
Will first cry a parley?
Never the lads w'l',
The bannocks o' barley."



A NON-PARTISAN FARMERS' ORGANIZATION.

BY HON. B. F. CLAYTON,
President of the Farmers' National Congress.

TO properly present the "Farmers' National Congress of the United States," it would be necessary to give the reason that called it into existence, the magnitude of the industry it represents, and the almost innumerable subdivisions of the agricultural interest. This would require a space much larger than is assigned to me in this article. It would demand the writing of vast volumes. Hence, I can give to it the merest glance in an article of this kind, throwing upon it a momentary "flash light," that we may see the importance of agricultural organization in common with other great interests, and give some idea of what that organization has accomplished in tangible legislation.

Without organization no business interest can be successful, and in its absence not only Church and State, but our financial, commercial and social relations, would be all at sea and a dead failure. Whatever political demagogues may say against combinations of capital, and against the association of labor, the mechanic arts, and the professions, and while it is proper to enact laws that will check encroachments of organizations upon the rights of individuals, or of one organization or set of organizations upon the rights of other associations of individuals; while we should say to them, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," the writer of this article is inclined to the opinion that vastly more good than harm has been done to the public by these organizations.

Regarding the subject in hand, it is immaterial whether the theory that good has been accomplished by such organizations be true or whether it be false. We are confronted with the fact that every business interest of the country is under some kind of combination, and is to be met by like combination on the part of

the great producing classes; not with selfish and unreasonable demands, but by placing the congress of the United States and the various state legislatures in possession of the necessary information required to protect and build up the productive industries of the country.

As shown by the census report of 1890, the farm values of the United States are as follows:

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------------|
| Farms and improvements..... | \$14,000,000,000 |
| Farm product, 1889..... | 2,460,170,484 |
| Live stock..... | 2,208,767,573 |
| Farm implements and machinery..... | 494,247,467 |
| Grand total..... | \$19,163,185,494 |

This gives the farming element of the United States about thirty per cent of the entire wealth of the nation. When we include the landed interest, with all that legitimately belongs to it, we control fully sixty-six per cent of the entire wealth of the nation. In discussing this question, the Secretary of Agriculture in his annual report truly says the agricultural interest "represents thirty million people, or nearly one-half of our present population." He further says: "It may be broadly stated, that upon the productiveness of our agriculture, and upon the prosperity of our farmers the entire wealth and prosperity of the whole nation depends." And again: "The trade and commerce of this vast country, of which we so proudly boast, the transportation facilities so wonderfully developed during the past quarter of a century, are all possible only because the underlying industry of them all, agriculture, has called them into being. Even the products of our mines are only valuable because of the commerce and the wealth created by our agriculture. These are strong assertions, but they are assertions fully justified by the facts and recognized the world over by the highest authorities in political economy."

In view of this magnificent representation of what we may claim as legitimately belonging to farm resources, it should be no surprise that we make an effort to protect our splendid interests. Representing a large per cent of the population of the entire country, any organization to which the farming element would be loyal could approach the congress of the United States with great confidence of success in securing a respectful hearing. The greatest, and, in fact, the only difficulty in the way, is the problem of maintaining such an organization. Not because of a want of intelligence, for the best brain of the nation has come from the farm; but because the financial conditions of the farming class are so varied, and the farmers are so evenly distributed throughout the rural

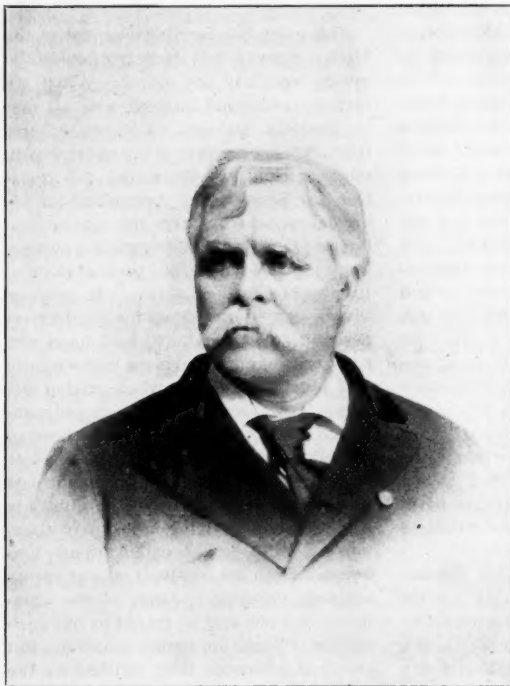
districts that a concentration of power cannot be accomplished so uniformly and harmoniously as with other great interests.

Then again, the farmers as a class are opposed to extreme and constant agitation. To them the political arena has no attractions so long as affairs of State are administered with fairness and to the best interests of all the people. The farmer prefers to be a quiet, loyal citizen. He has no patience with lawlessness and mob violence. Military force is never called into the field to check organized resistance to law at the hands of that class. It must be a flagrant injustice that moves the farmer from the enjoyment of a quiet and loyal home-like citizenship. The great commercial centers have no fear of vicious farmer organizations.

Revolutions do not come from that direction.

Farmers' organizations in the past have been a flat failure. They have been manipulated in the interest of political parties and to advance the interests of political leaders.

The Grange organization of the early seventies was a magnificent effort in the right direction. As long as it adhered to the object for which it was organized, it commanded the respect of the leading political parties, but when it entered the muddy pool of politics it soon lost its power for good. The Farmers' Alliance, which took the place of the Grange, was soon wrecked on the same political reef. These failures have caused thoughtful and practical representative men of the great productive interests of the country to look in a different direction for necessary influence to



HON. B. F. CLAYTON.

Of Indianola, Iowa, President of the Farmers' National Congress.

secure legislation in behalf of our great interest. It is through the non-political action of the "Farmers' National Congress of the United States of America" that much has been accomplished, and through which much more may be accomplished.

Its principles are contained in one short sentence of the first section of the constitution which says: "Its object shall be to advance the agricultural interest of the union." (Short as it is it embraces every phase of a great industry.)

The organization is non-political in character, with the same representation as that of the congress of the United States, with the addition, that the presidents of all state agricultural societies and agricultural colleges are members by virtue of their office. The delegates, who hold their office for two years, are appointed and commissioned by the governors of the several states. The object of the organization is two-fold in character.

First. It seeks to mold and shape such legislation as the interest of the farmer requires, and to present it to state and national legislative bodies for their action.

Second. It has a literary program by which it seeks to elevate the great masses, now engaged in agricultural pursuits, to a position in keeping with that occupation.

Colonel Robert Beverly of Virginia, Captain R. F. Kolb of Alabama and Hon. A. W. Smith of Kansas have succeeded each other, and preceded the writer, as president of the organization. Messrs. I. B. Nall of Kentucky, B. F.



HON. JOHN M. STAHL,
Of Quincy, Ill., Secretary of the Farmers' National Congress.

Clayton of Iowa, F. E. Pearson of Wisconsin and John M. Stahl of Illinois have served as secretaries. Messrs. J. D. Guthrie of Kentucky, J. B. Connor of Indiana, William Lawrence of Ohio and William Freeman of Maine have acted as treasurers.

Annual meetings have been held in St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Louisville, Ky., Nashville, Tenn., New Orleans, La., St. Paul, Minn., Washington, D. C., Topeka, Kas., Montgomery, Ala., Council Bluffs, Iowa, Sedalia, Mo., and Lincoln, Neb. At each of these sessions resolutions have been adopted asking for such legislation as the productive interest of the country requires. These resolutions have been engrossed by the Secretary of Congress, and sent to the Speaker of the House and the President

of the Senate, and in every case have been printed and placed upon the desk of every member of both branches of the congress of the United States.

Nearly every important demand made by this congress, upon our national legislative body, has been favorably considered. It demanded the passage of the inter-state commerce law; also that the Secretaryship of Agriculture be made a cabinet position; that the Signal Service be enlarged; that infectious live-stock disease be stamped out; that adulteration of human food be prevented; that our rivers and harbors be improved; that the irrigation of the arid districts be encouraged, and that agricultural products be given the benefit of the same protective policy extended by the gov-

ernment to other great interests. All these questions have been favorably considered by our National Congress.

The fact of the Farmers' National Congress being non-political in its character does not preclude the discussion of political questions. There is no question of general import in which the farmer is not interested, or that has not a political bearing. Directly or indirectly all questions demanding legislation affect the productive industries of the country, and they are to be discussed, freely, fairly and impartially, without reference to its effect on political parties.

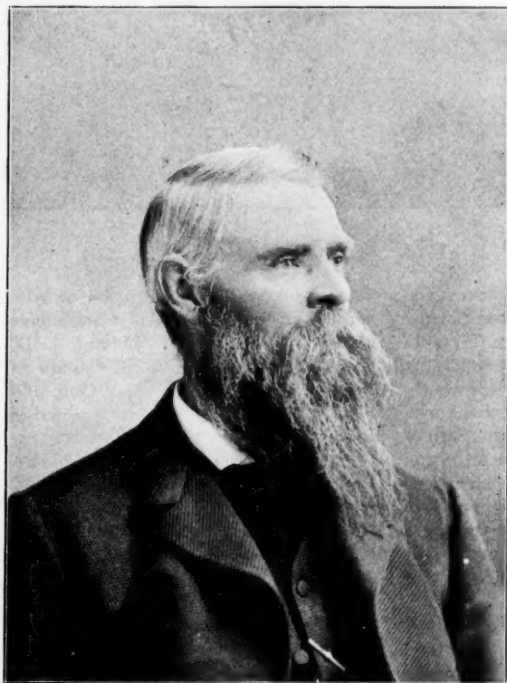
In my effort to trace the early history of the organization I have been able to accomplish but little. I know of no records of the proceedings of the body until

that of 1885, held at Indianapolis, Ind. Since that time a complete record has been kept of all the proceedings.

The governors of the several States have been prompt in their appointment of representative men from every branch of that industry as delegates, and the literary programs, prepared three months in advance of each meeting, have been carried out by splendid speakers and writers, many of whom have national reputation.

The organization has been a gradual growth until it has become permanent, and its influence with the government at Washington is second to that of no other. Every session of the congress has been intensely interesting.

The thirteenth annual session convened in the Guards' Armory at Savannah, Ga., December



HON. DENNIS KENYON,

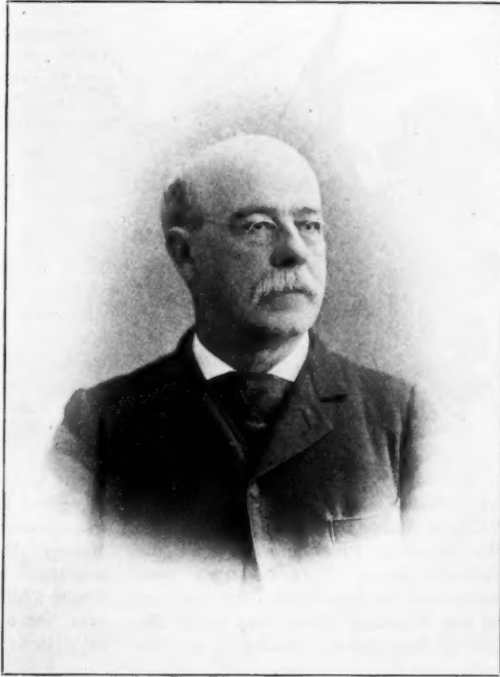
Of McLean, Ill., Chairman Executive Committee, Farmers' National Congress.

12, 1893. It was evident from our first introduction to the sunny South that the proverbial hospitality of the southern coast was to be extended in all its magnanimity.

The grand old historic city of Savannah where battles have been fought, and men have perished for causes good and bad; its broad street parked in the center and at either side; its splendid harbor large enough to accommodate the world's navy; the richness of its center and suburban parks of tropical growth; the even temperature of its climate; its charitable and educational institutions; its churches and school-houses; its monumental tribute to the heroic dead; its vast interior and trans-oceanic shipping facilities; its close proximity to the world's market; the substantial style of its architecture, and, above all, the moral, intellectual and hospitable character of its inhabitants deeply impress the stranger who may come within her gates, that science, art and nature have combined and with lavish hand have made that city the loveliest place on the globe. It is a fairy gateway on the sunny coast of a great nation. The poet or the man of letters who here visits our shores for the first time must become inspired and enchanted by the loveliness and beauty of Savannah, the brightest pearl along the shore of the Atlantic.

With reference to this session held at Savannah, I quote from the American Annual Cyclopædia for 1893.

The session of 1893, in Savannah, was called to order at the Guards' Armory by Vice-President, Hon. D. G. Purce and



MAJOR D. G. PURSE,
Vice-President of the Farmers' National Congress.

welcomed to Georgia by Major P. M. Weldrem, who was responded to by Judge C. B. Rounds of Maine. J. T. Wade and Mayor McDonough gave the congress a hearty welcome in behalf of the State Agricultural Society and the city of Savannah, and was responded to by Colonel Needham, of Massachusetts, and by Secretary Clayton, of Iowa. The call of the roll showed thirty states represented.

The hospitality of the city was extended to the body, and invitations were received and accepted to visit the Telfair Art Gallery, Georgia Historical Society, Savannah Board of Trade, the Guards, the Oglethorpe Club Rooms, and other places of interest.

The second day, the congress accepted an invitation to board the steamship



JASPER MONUMENT, SAVANNAH, GA.

"City of Macon" and were taken down the Savannah River and out upon the Atlantic Ocean. Returning they were banqueted on board ship, and received at the wharfage of the city by a display of flags and the blowing of whistles from vessels representing all civilized nations.

Among the distinguished delegates present were Judge Rounds, of Maine; Colonel Needham, President of the New England Agricultural Society, and lady,

of Boston, Massachusetts; Colonel John S. Cunningham, of North Carolina; Hon. Dennis Kenyon, Captain D. C. Wagner and Secretary Stahl, of Illinois; General Burkitt, of Mississippi; Mr. Weaver and lady of Indiana; Mrs. M. M. Code, of Nebraska; Professor George A. Stockwell, of Rhode Island; Hon. R. M. Tewkesberry, William B. Powell and Dr. G. W. Spencer, of Pennsylvania; Senator G. H. Slaughter and lady and Hon. W. R. Rankin, of Tennessee; Secretary H. D. Lane, of Alabama; Professor O. Clute and Secretary Appleyard, of Florida; B. E. Thompson and lady, of Michigan; C. C. Teliaferro, of Virginia; J. Bumgardner and lady, of West Virginia; P. H. Heffelbower and Hon. Walter N. Allen, of Kansas, and many others equally distinguished.

The following officers were elected to serve two years: President, B. F. Clayton, Indianola, Iowa; Vice-President, Major G. M. Ryals, Savannah, Georgia; Treasurer, Henry Hayden, Iowa; Secretary-in-Chief, Hon. J. M. Stahl, of Illinois; first assistant, Major W. G. Whidby, of Atlanta, Georgia; second assistant, T. J. Appleyard, Sanford, Florida.

Parkersburg, West Virginia, was the place selected for the next meeting, to be held October 3, 1894, and arrangements have already been made which give promise of a meeting of rare interest.



VIEW IN BONAVENTURE, SAVANNAH, GA.



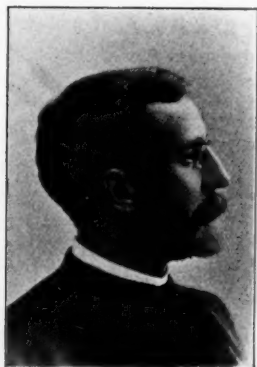
BONAVENTURE CEMETERY.

One of the many Picturesque Scenes in Savannah, Ga.



DE SOTO HOTEL,

Headquarters of the Farmers' National Congress while in Session in Savannah, Ga.



REV. J. CLARENCE JONES.

FROM FAR AWAY.

WIDE Prairie Plain! broad-breasted Nurse of men!
Where first my infant eyes saw flowers and stars!
I feel thy drawings in this eastern land
And long to stretch my arms in fenceless fields.
Like thee, my soul expands with baffled reach
Beneath a heaven broader than itself.
Alternate heat and cold rule in my breast.
Storms sweep across me such as thou hast known,
And fires burn down dead harvests of past hopes.
Fain would I see thy terrifying powers;
The sporting of thy howling hurricanes,
That run wild races round thy endless tracks
And spin their cyclone tops in giant play;
Thy fire-dogs leaping up to lick the sky;
Thy blistering blizzards and thy burning cold.
Show me again the tender blush of spring,
Like bloom on twenty-summered maiden's cheek.
How sweet it were to smell thy sods again,
And see the honest corn draw yellow ears
From deep black loam to feed the hungry herds;
To lie at night on thy unfurrowed chest,
And watch the near moon light thy distances;
And in the mellow summer, after rains,
To ride across thy grassy lakes, and feel
The swelling hillocks toss the rushing steed
As waves toss ships at sea, when storms have passed!
He who in infancy was nursed by thee
Is filled with prairie longings evermore!
And as a homesick lad sees mother lines
In every woman's face, so sons of thine
Find prairie signs in every alien scene.
He rides thy rolling hills on ocean wastes;
On mountain summits finds thy snows and stars;
In densest cities roams thy solitudes,
And feels thy loneliness in social life.
But nowhere else combined are hills and snows,
Stars, solitudes and loneliness like thine!

NEW YORK.

—J. Clarence Jones.

THE SILENCE OF THE FLOWERS.

BY NELLIE R. CADY.

Bells of the past, whose unforgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance!

—Bret Harte.

Early one beautiful morning, at one of those quaint old mission churches in California built by the Franciscan Fathers, a young priest stood dreamily studying the vignette of life around him. Outlined against the walls of the church, the man seemed of it a part—a bit of bold fresco painting, the whitened background bringing into bold relief a figure replete with life and energy; the head well-shaped and proudly set with its coronet of dark hair; the face clear cut, with handsome olive-tinted features, blue-gray eyes shining mildly from under drooping lashes, and the full sensitive lips seeming to bespeak a strongly emotional temperament.

The silence and beauty of the spot, brooded over by the grand old mission, made the scene one of ineffable harmony. Of the many missions established by the Franciscans in the early history of the "Golden State" none surpassed in beauty this chosen spot, nor did any retain as much of the true atmosphere of the olden time. The charm of the surroundings had awakened in the man, this dreamy quiet morning, memories of a far-away home; of youthful dreams and aspirations; of the gentle mother who had chosen for him this sacred vocation; and of the kindly old "padre" imbuing his boy heart with still greater ardor, telling so reverently of this land on which he now stood, sacred with the memories of those holy enthusiasts who, in the spirit of self-abnegation and self-deprivation, sacrificed life itself to inculcate the faith so precious. Imagination readily pictured it under the gentle reign of these Spanish padres all aglow with life and motion, full of activity, and picturesque with the ceremonies of the

Roman Church. All too soon the bells above him rang out their call for early mass.

Father Perez, standing in the little chancel, performed the sacred service that morning with a renewed spirit of love and reverence. At its close he wended his way slowly toward the Spanish town, his parish,—a little settlement cut off from everywhere, but possessing a charm of sun, valley, hill, and glimpse of ocean unsurpassed in all the region round. Leaving the settlement with quickened step, feeling an almost boyish thrill of delight in the sunshine and loveliness around him, the priest walked on toward the ranch of Senor Pedro Cevallos, a prosperous sheep-raiser who had settled near the old mission long years ago. It was a typical Spanish home of Southern California, a lovely bit of landscape where it seemed as if Nature endeavored to make even the little dwelling a part of itself, covering the low built adobe walls with a wild luxuriance of flowering vines.—

"The soft green sward, so velvet like and bright—

A splendid carpet for the monarch trees;
And the gardens, with their shaded ways,
Their winding walks, their hedges cool and green,
Their blossoms shining through the summer days,
And glowing all the winter hours between."

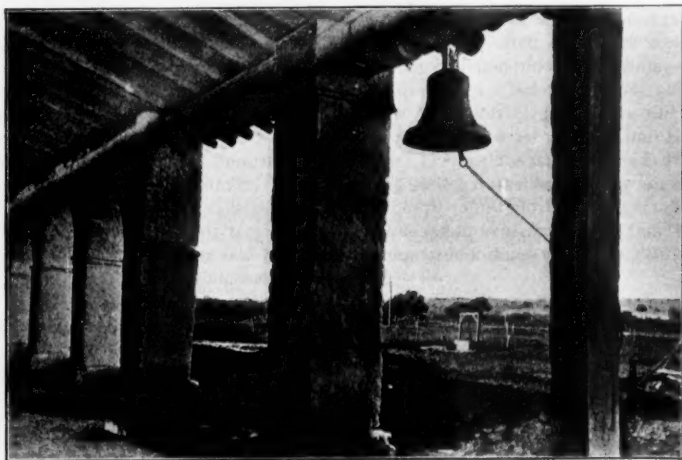
And over all rested "the deep-blue infinite sky, sun-filled and bright," in silent benedictions.

A musical voice trilling snatches of the matin song broke the stillness and sense of isolation that lingers around a tropical life so quiet and so dream-like. A slender girl of exquisite beauty came slowly down the winding walk, lifting a face full of childish gladness toward the cloudless east, and pausing as if to greet, in the sunshine and flowers about her, some loved companions. The only child

of the rich Spaniard, she was the one treasure of his saddened heart, her mother having died when Ysabel was little more than a year old. Of the world she knew but little. She had grown up like the lilies in the neglected garden of the old mission, beautiful, sweet and pure, without cultivation and training. Life so free from care and restraint was yet a lonely existence to this young girl, and in the boundless spontaneity of nature she sought for and found a sense of tender, dumb companionship.

within our own hearts, and not in the world around us. We make our world wherever we are."—Words to echo and re-echo through the days to come.

Father Perez, in the short time he lived at the mission, had become a frequent visitor at the Cevallos' home, and a strong friendship had grown up between priest and maid. She was a mere child in heart and mind; he a man who had seen much of the world of which he delighted to tell her. Together they had spent many happy hours wandering



CORRIDOR AT SAN MIGUEL.

"All too soon the bells above him rang out their call for early mass."

The sound of nearing footsteps caught her ear. Turning slowly, the smile of welcome showed the priest to be no stranger in her home.

"Of what were you dreaming, Senorita?" were his greeting words.

Lifting her dreamy eyes toward the man, she answered, with a question, "Tell me, Father, is the world of which I hear and dream, where love, gayety and happiness all have a part, is it more beautiful, more to be desired than this quiet home-world of mine?"

"Ah, little one," gently said the priest, "we have need to learn that all of life, all of beauty and all of happiness lie

among the hills and flowers about the old mission grounds. For a long time the man found infinite pleasure in this simple friendship; but a day dawned when Father Perez became conscious that, in the companionship of this beautiful girl, life held for him some strange charm—some new sweet savor. Slowly but certainly love, that fatal yet divine force, had crept into his heart, silently making its way against the opposing might of sacred vows. The man fought this growing passion with all his strength of character. But as the days went by, unable to still the tumult of brain and heart, begging leave of absence, he wandered away

over the hills in quest of seclusion. On and on his restless spirit carried him; until, weary and foot-sore after many days' journeying, his eye caught the gleam of water in the near distance. It was one of those rare and beautiful lakes, formed here and there by mountain ranges, situated oftentimes along the crest where a double line of summits exists with deep, longitudinal valleys between. In the center of the lake a small, rocky island rose high above the waters, against which great waves of sunlight rippled and broke in flashes, lighting up fitfully the dim shadowy shores, which, in the grandeur of their solitude, seemed breathing strength and peace to the weary man. Fashioning a rude raft, Father Perez reached the island and, constructing a shelter of reeds and grasses, raised the altar of his faith. There he passed many days in fasting and prayer, finding that sense of rest which comes to us when we realize that we are living outside our every-day world of struggle and care. Worn and wasted in body, after long weeks in this lonely spot, with the passion subdued but not broken, the priest crept back to life at the mission.

In the dusk of early evening, soon after his return from the long sojourn of penance, while on his way from the little chapel, he met, for the first time, the sweet face of *Senorita Ysabel*.

Tightly clasping the crucifix in his hand, as if to gain spiritual strength thereby, in silence he would have passed her. His changed stern face puzzled the girl.

"Father Perez," she stammered, "have — you — been — ill? We have missed you so much — oh, so much!" The thoughtless child trembled and hesitated; the little fingers, twisting in and out through the loose, flowing hair about her face, seemed to the suffering priest as if twisting his very heart-strings into cords of agony beyond human power to bear.

There was no answer to her questioning. The man had sense for naught but the aching, intolerable pain of passionate, forbidden love welling up in his heart.

For, in the flushed face, the troubled voice and the eyes so full of strange new longing, which were turned restlessly from him, he read the confession she did not know was there.

At last lifting timidly her wondrous eyes, questioning the long silence, maid and priest stood for a moment beneath the darkening sky, each reading the heart of the other.

The summer winds softly stirred the green boughs above them; and the whispering leaves, with the night song of birds, all seemed to breathe of love and tenderness. Looking silently into the eyes lifted so trustingly to his own, love broke all bounds of priestly vows. The man within him awoke; the priest was forgotten. Surely,

"Love hath never known a law
Beyond his own sweet will."

Reaching out he drew the yielding girl into a close embrace, bending to kiss the tremulous lips, whispering so softly words of love that seemed to the listening ear of the innocent girl like some tender, sweet song breaking through the loneliness of her life.

But suddenly they started asunder with beating hearts and blanched faces. The forgotten crucifix, the symbol of their faith, had fallen shattered in fragments at their feet. Was it an omen — an omen of the future in this new life where love and happiness were to have so much part?

"We make our world," said the priest that happy morning. What then of this new world of love before them, at whose very threshold lay the symbol of a love divine, love purified through suffering of all earthly dross. But, with the buoyancy of youthful hearts, the rising doubts and fears were readily dispelled and, with all the blind passion of love, their only thought was to snatch the cup they thirsted for.

As the evening shadows called together father and daughter in the little flower-covered home, *Senor Cevallos* gathered the girl in his arms and tenderly kissed the loved face, wondering at the strange

new beauty lighting every feature, yet having no questioning word. There was no gentle mother to fold the child in loving arms and pray heaven to shield her youth and innocence; no laughing sister with whom to find safety in talking of this new gladness.

But great was the need of the child-heart to pour into some ear a confession of this glad new love; and she turned, as was her custom, to nature as to a living creature for sympathy; and the fragrant, beautiful blossoms seemed to her this night full of a hitherto unknown meaning. It was a touching picture. The lonely, motherless girl, in the still hours of the night bending over the flowers, her only confidants in this dream that had come to her—this dream so entrancing!

Oh, this perfect happiness! If *only* there were no obstacle! Ah, that cruel thought ever intruding itself—he a priest, forbidden by the laws of his church to love! But why should he be withheld from her? Why should she fear the future? Did not the birds and the flowers, to whom she had confided her secret, seem to trouble themselves little about the storm to come? Did they not rejoice, rather, and sing in the present sunshine? As with all fine spirits shut up in a narrow world, thereby the more readily swayed by the emotional nature, the simplest argument won all too easily the untutored mind; and together priest and maid drifted into their dream-life of love, forgetting the world around them, and shutting out the future.

It is only the young who expect perfect happiness in this life. We live not long in experience before learning our joys owe their perfection to their briefness.

A few months later on, Ysabel awakened to find that "Love which at first was lightsome, grows heavy at the end." One weary morning, unable to rest, fully conscious of the change that had come into her life; wearily, painfully, conscious of it all, Ysabel arose and opening wide her little window leaned far out.

All was quiet and peaceful, contrasting so strangely with her own feverish agony! Hitherto each morning of her life the first waking thought had been the matin song of thankfulness for the beginning of a new day. Now all was changed—Oh God,—so bitterly changed! Pressing her face against the cool green leaves clustering round the casement window, the trembling voice chanted brokenly:

"Ave Maria! Maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer"—

A maiden's prayer for pity and forgiveness.

With her natural longing for air and space, she turned, as many times she had before, to the loving spirit of nature for comfort. Throwing herself face downward among the flowers, the poor girl moaned out all the agony, all the sorrow that had come with love's awakening. Passing her hands lovingly over the blossoms, heavy-laden with night dew, trying to draw comfort and consolation from the moist flower-faces so near her own, murmuring with plaintive sadness, "Oh, sweet mignonette, thou flower of love, why did you not tell me! Oh, my pretty blossoms, why could you not teach me—why could you not speak to me!" Nature with her majesty of calmness soothed and quieted the troubled heart, and the music of early waking birds and humming bees lulled her to sleep, with her head nestled among the leaves and flowers.

The day with its many cares had seemed a long one to Father Perez, as ever and anon the memory of beautiful love-lit eyes, looking into his own, drove inclination for the duties of mission life far away. As the afternoon wore on toward its close, with impatient step he approached the trysting place, and sat down to await the coming of his child-love. Drifting away in happy reverie, the light footsteps were unheard until she stood at his side. With a cry of joyous surprise he sprang to his feet; but when he saw the look of suffering on the lovely face, the sound died away on his lips. Holding out his arms, stricken with a sense of impending evil, he murmured

anxiously, "My little love! My little love! What is it troubles thee?"

She wavered toward him, her lips quivering, and the dark eyes full of wistful questioning; yet she remained pathetically quiet. A sense of desolation indescribable possessed her soul. The hush of early evening, broken now and then by the faint sweet song of birds, settled about them. It was that twilight hour when the day —

"Shrinks with its fevered cares away," and a mood of holy peace and quietude falls about us — a time when it seems impossible to believe life can be aught but pure and beautiful. In this sacred hour, half resting, half kneeling in the arms of the priest, mid sobs and tears came the confession of love's awakening. In the agony of despair at times the appeal for help was to the man, her lover; and again to the man who stood as mediator between herself and her God.

"Hide me — Oh, hide me!" she pleaded. "I am shamed forever!"

In an agony of anguish the man bent over the sobbing girl, slowly realizing the whole despairing truth. Bitterly self-reproachful, in "Mine the shame, mine the sin," he tasted what is known by the bitterness of Death. And how atone? Repentance? Absolution? What help in that? Could aught undo the wrong?

In the hours of grief and pain that followed, ever and anon came with cruel force the thought that —

"The sin forgiven by Christ in heaven,
By man is cursed away."

And the one cry of the wretched girl was, "Hide me—oh, hide me! I am shamed forever!" It seemed the one thing to do.

Plans to carry the burden of shame away from the little home world were rapidly perfected. One beautiful June morning the wanderers started forth on their journey. From the hillside Ysabel turned and cast a last lingering look over the scenes of her childhood—the scenes to be in the future but a memory, a tender, beautiful memory. The shadows in the great eyes deepened as she stood

drinking in all the peace and beauty before her. Every leaf, every blade of grass, seemed a page of her life, and brought back some burning image of childhood's happy days. The sweet bells of the old mission, borne out on the still air, caught her listening ear.

"O, bells, you ring of love and peace,
But jingling chords of wrong and right
Fill all my soul."

With the last faint sound she slowly turned and walked onward.

All was done that love and thoughtfulness could suggest to make the journey easy; but it was a worn and suffering body that welcomed the first glimpse of the little island that was again to become a sanctuary of penance. The silence of the mountains, awful, sweet and calm, folded the weary wanderers in its presence, and gradually hope mingled with the sunshine and the beauty around them as the weeks and months rolled by.

There were many days of suffering, of loneliness, of bitter anguish; days when the memory of home and of the kindly old father brought dreams of pain and gloom to the girl. But slowly, in God's cloister of stillness and seclusion, the soul that slumbered within her awakened—a soul responsive to the Voice of the message divine uttered in all nature about us, yet seldom comprehended. In this little refuge of perfect quiet, the trees and the flowers, the moving clouds and the stars watching by night, spoke for the first time to the spiritual nature of the girl. She felt a Presence new to her—a Presence subduing and soul-awing—filling her heart with peace. She now knew that when pleading with the silence of the flower-companions of her childhood she had listened to the voice of her own inward wants and desires. In this new light of revelation she clearly heard words of His love and care set to the music of birds, and in the silent adoration of the mountain flowers. In the little shining faces, ever lifted bravely in spite of wind and storm and darkness, there came to her the true meaning of repent-

ance,—simply looking Godward, trusting wholly, never doubting, never fearing, never looking backward.

Far from human law and judgment came a clearer knowledge to the seeking priest of the will and judgment of the Master who taught that the sinner is one to be pitied, strengthened and forgiven. It was no sudden or miraculous knowledge that came to them of the power of God to cleanse the soul of sin, nor was there any miraculous exemption from its penalties and consequences; but in these months of deep contrition, nature swept her gospel of infinite Peace and Love into their souls, and there came new ideas of happiness and of our relations to God and humanity.

One starry night, in the rude island shelter, there was born a sinless little life; for thus in serving some purpose all his own does God oft—

"Set such pure amens to sinful deeds."

As heedless little children, running on before, stumble and fall, and the watchful love of the mother heals the hurt with a kiss of tenderness, so the Father above bends over his stumbling children, lifting up the sin-bruised hearts with a touch of love divine—mother-love.

For a little time all was well with mother and child; but a change came and Father Perez saw each day the shadow of a new and terrible sorrow drawing nearer. In the darkening hours, closer seemed the presence of "God the Father," strengthening in His divine compassion their anxious souls.

The wee tender baby lingered but a little; and the beautiful eyes of the maid-mother soon grew dim, the mists of death gathering over them.

"It is dark—I cannot see," she whispered. "Oh, my heavenly Father, pity me! I am so weary—the—way so dark—so long! Oh God! The wages—of—sin! The wages—of—my—sin!" A wan smile flickered over the cold face, and the voice grew fainter and fainter whispering, "Jesus—the—sinners'—friend—Jesus—hear—us!"

Softly the voice of the priest broke in upon her troubled moanings, chanting brokenly—

"Come Holy Ghost! Thou fire divine!
From highest Heaven on us down shine!
Comforter, be thy comfort mine!
Thou rich in comfort! Ever blest—
The heart where thou art constant guest,
Who giveth the heavy-laden rest.
Oh, cleanse us that we sin no more,
O'er parched souls thy waters pour;
Heal the sad heart that acheth sore!"

And onward on the wave of song was borne the spirit of the young mother.

"Oft In God's great wisdom,
The impulse from the earth is given,
That bends us toward the paths of
Heaven."

The last loving duties for the dead were done; and the priest stood alone with his sorrow—alone with his God. Death wore no stern aspect on this fair face touched so reverently by the chance sunbeams, and the soft-moving winds. There was no impress of terror. Tenderly as shadows fall o'er the evening hills he came and laid on the questioning lips the finger of silence. Again in the hush of the twilight hour—the hour so filled with memories of this sad lesson of loving—was enacted the last scene in this tragedy of a fair girl-life. Breathing a simple prayer, with a low cry of bitter anguish escaping his lips, the priest laid to rest the bodies of mother and child on the shores of the peaceful little lake.

As the darkness settled about the lonely man, the calm of despair slowly lifted. The shadow of the gates of death hallowed the whole future. Life became imbued with a holy purpose. Aye, the song had gone out of a life young in years; but from out the silence and loneliness of his desolation a psalm of divine love had come, that would be heard softly, sweetly sounding through all the years of this man's life.

It was a bent and careworn form, still wearing the garb of his priesthood, that left the little island for the second time to take up the duties of life among men.

The face outlined against the old church wall that summer morning had lost all

traces of its rich physical beauty ; but in its place had come that purified refinement and spiritual grace born of suffering and soul discipline.

The doors of the church he found closed against him. He must begin life anew, making the wide world his church and kindly deeds his prayers.

The years crept on apace. With age and declining health the desire grew strong within the man to once more see the little island so sacred in memory. Slowly and feebly he turned toward the goal of his desire, forgetting all bodily wants and needs in the great heart-hunger consuming him. The weary days grew longer and longer as the impatient man journeyed on. Nearing the well-known spot, with a body racked with pain, the veins tumultuous with the fever of hunger, and the brain in a wild confusion of expect-

tancy, the haggard man hurried eagerly on. With trembling hands he searched for and found the little raft, unused so many years. All unheeding its frailty and decay he started for the island ; the dim eyes peering anxiously toward the shadowy shores, the parched lips murmuring words of passionate longing as he drew nearer and nearer. The winds tossed the tall ferns and grasses to and fro, giving to the excited imagination of the fever-stricken man the semblance of his child-love beckoning him onward to love and happiness. With arms outstretched and a cry of intense joy, he leaned far over toward the vision of his fancy. The frail raft parted under him and, with the cry still lingering on his lips, he sank to find once again rest and peace in his island sanctuary.

A SUMMER NIGHT IN FAIRY-LAND.

O MAMMA, sit down, and listen to me ;
I've had such a beautiful dream !
I went out, last night,
In the shining moonlight,
Over valley and forest and stream.

I went where the Fairies were working, mamma,—
Such wonderful things they can do !
They made me a gown,
From the white willow down,
And borrowed from heaven the blue.

Then gleaning some gold from the buttercup's store,
Quickly made me a bonnet so sweet,
A veil of fog-lace,
Overhanging my face,
Trailed the carpet of green at my feet.

They opened the crocus and kissed all the buds
Of the daisy and little blue-bell ;
While one went afloat
In a tiny leaf-boat,
To gather the sounds in the dell.

I left them a-making wee hammocks of lace,
Swinging high up, where no one could see ;
And there, through the day,
They will frolic and play,—
And at eventide come back to me !

BELMOND, IOWA.

Alice Packard Luick.

BEATRICE.

A STORY OF BAYOU TECHE.

BY ALICE ILGENFRITZ JONES.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Helen's convent course was completed, Mrs. Vincent naively suggested to her husband that six months, or a year's travel in the British Isles and on the continent would give just the touch, the purple bloom of culture, which was highly essential to a young girl about to enter society.

It was a matter concerning which she had some misgivings, and she was not greatly surprised when Mr. Vincent objected.

"Bring the child home," he wrote curtly, "let me have a glimpse of my girl again before you turn her out a full-fledged woman of fashion."

This was cruel, insinuating, and it brought a flood of tears. But there was a comforting clause at the end of the letter: "You can make the tour you speak of next year if it is a matter of so much importance. One quiet year at home will not make a superannuated spinster of our daughter, I trust."

"How ungracious men are," sighed Mrs. Vincent. But she dried her tears. Next year Paris would have her grand *Exposition Universelle*. Already the diplomatic Emperor was making preparations for the unprecedented *fete*. Perhaps James had taken this into account. It was like him to do a pleasant thing in a brusque way. If the shell was a little rough the kernel inside was always sweet, and one could put up with a bit of rudeness.

She sketched a rapid series of plans in her mind and decided not to exploit her daughter on the social arena until after her post-graduate course of travel — and presentation, perhaps, at one or two European courts.

This arrangement would suit her husband above everything, and while it

would be equally agreeable to herself she could make a virtue of it with him. And poor Constance felt that she had little enough capital of that sort.

She packed her trunks cheerfully and came home.

But an attempt to resume her former pleasures and occupations, and renew her relations with former friends, very soon convinced her that she could not conveniently fit herself back into her old niche in the American metropolis. The discovery was a tonic to her vanity, though a bitter one. It is pleasant to grow only when one has room.

She wondered how she could ever have endured such cramping, — as a little chick might wonder how he could have compressed his young importance into a shell.

But in reality her expansion was a mere matter of fluffiness and feathers. She was the same volatile, capricious Constance, eager only for flight and change.

She compared New York society as she found it now to unfermented wine, — and it was most unpalatable after one had been sipping of the old vintages of France!

"A society so 'recent' as this," she wrote Corinne, "has of course no *bouquet*. There are no traditions, no subtleties of meaning in anything, or poetical significance. No hallowed lavender-scent of a *past*, — in a word no Gobelin Tapestries."

Madame smiled at the idea of the worldly-minded pleasure-loving votary of fashion and modern luxury affecting so fine a nostril for *antique arôme*, so devout a worship for the heroic ages.

After a barely decent length of stay in New York, Mrs. Vincent set off for La Scalla Place, to supplement her voluminous letters with verbal recollections of her experiences abroad. She declared

that she never got the full flavor of a thing until it was sifted through the luminous understanding of her clever though satirical relative. Helen of course accompanied her.

An unlooked for pleasure awaited them on the journey. At the moment they were setting foot on board a Bayou steamer,—the "Arlington" as it happened,—a young man detached himself from a group on the deck and advanced toward them with the eager pleased air of an acquaintance.

Mrs. Vincent's eyes challenged him for an instant and then she exclaimed in a voice almost shrill with surprise, "Burgoyne La Scalla!"

Burgoyne, his figure developed to fine manly proportions and his face matured by a luxuriant silky first mustache, acknowledged his identity laughingly. But his alert young man's glance passed by the elder woman to the slim gray apparition in her wake, stepping lightly over the gang-plank.

He spoke her name hesitatingly and with a note of surprised admiration,—than which nothing could have been more flattering,—half doubting whether it could really be Helen Vincent, the somewhat listless girl whose much lauded prettiness had always failed to appeal to him in by-gone times.

This girl with her slender beauty, her graceful aplomb, her thousand bewildering charms of young-ladyhood, attacked him at every point of his masculine consciousness, and made him feel with a kind of delicious fear that she possessed some strange, awful, but most sweet power which it was impossible to withstand.

He felt that she might be such a girl as Hugh Connelly had raved about in his lines to *The Cruel One*,—a girl capable of inspiring and rebuking a man's passion in one and the same glance. But no matter, it was worth a thousand throes of pain to feel one such exquisite sensation as surged through his soul when their eyes met.

She seemed to have the advantage of him somehow, to rise above him like a

young goddess. He felt timid, unlike himself in her presence. She gave him her fingers, not her hand, to clasp, and permitted a smile to her lovely lips reluctantly, as though it were too precious a thing to lightly bestow.

Her whole manner seemed to say, "We meet on a different footing now, you know."

He took his bearings quickly and adjusted himself to her new attitude with a fine intuition.

"How much you have changed!" he said in vague explanation of what he feared was too prolonged a look.

A cruder girl might have provoked an easy compliment. Helen was not crude, though a novice in the ways of real young men.

She had played Lady to many an imaginary Knight, and was an adept in her rôle. But here, now, was an actual knight with a part of his own to perform,—and to which she must fit hers. How exciting, how delightful!

His initiative,—his respectful, charmed look and manner,—helped her to rise to the occasion with a bound.

The most untutored maid knows how to take her cue from her lover's attitude. How much more the girl schooled in all the arts of coquetry,—schooled though not practiced. Helen had looked forward to entering upon just such real dramas as this, when once clear of the convent,—or, perhaps, with circumstances and surroundings a little more romantic. Garish daylight, a common river steamer, a gang of colored roustabouts were not the most pleasing and appropriate accessories. But the *personnel* would in this case go a long way toward making up for deficiencies in the *mise en scene*.

After her excited and voluble greeting, Mrs. Vincent hastened on to speak to the master of the boat, and the youthful pair fell into step side by side.

"I am some inches taller than I was five years ago," answered Helen demurely, "and I wear my dresses some inches longer."

The personal references thrilled him deliciously.

"O, it is not that exactly," he returned, glancing down the line of her trim figure, from the feathery aigrette topping her pretty headgear to the hem of her plain gray skirt.

A ravishing, daintily-booted little foot peeped from beneath the skirt, and a ravishing little gray-gloved hand clasped an ivory-handled parasol.

Burgoyne had always admired his mother's hands and feet, but they had never stirred deep emotions in him. Here were a hand and a foot that Hugh Connelly might write sonnets about. But what then of her eyes, her throat, her whole entrancing personality? They would fill cantos!

"You have changed, too," Helen remarked, giving him a brief measuring glance.

"I? O, yes, some, I suppose." He thought of his mustache and blushed. It was his one vanity,—and vanities are the holes in one's armor.

"You are quite—large," she said, defining her meaning guardedly on the theory that one ought never to flatter a man in words,—which had the effect of making him feel like an absurd giant beside her, and he lowered his head.

They found seats on the shady side of the boat, and presently Mrs. Vincent joined them. She plied Burgoyne with questions about himself and his family, and interspersed bits of information about herself and Helen, which he found marvelously interest-ing,—especially the bits that concerned Helen.

She deferred to Helen a good deal, appealing to her for confirmation of this or that, and kept her always in the current of the conversation, which gave him excuse for continually turning his eyes in her direction.

He was loth to lose a single one of her words, or attitudes, or gestures. He treasured them all and thought about them afterwards, turning them over and over in his mind and finding the loveliest meanings in them.

He began to find lovely meanings in many other things to which he had never given much thought before,—for love is a wonderful eye-opener. All about were the lavish charms of spring; bloom and fragrance, far-away deep blue skies, the sheen of water, a thousand tints of green. He seemed to see them all for the first time. And he recalled scraps of poetry he had learned—for the musical rhythm in them—and found in them a real and exquisite significance.

Mrs Vincent was a considerate mother. In the evenings she allowed the young people to sit apart in the moonlight and the soft wind.

They did not talk much, there was no need. Their souls held intimate communion. When they did speak it was on vast subjects: The starry heavens, the universe, life, love, and the meaning of it all. Other things seemed too trivial.

A new faculty developed in them,—they had no need of eyes to determine each other's presence, and no need of speech to know what each other thought and felt. They commented upon this wonderingly, as a curious phenomenon,—and their own peculiar gift.

Burgoyne bought a bunch of flowers of an urchin who came on board at one of the landings with a basketful. He placed one in Helen's hand as he bade her "good-night," and murmured,

"So hush and I'll give you this sweet white rose:

See, I clasp it inside of your cool soft hand. There, that is our secret, go to sleep;

You will wake, and remember and understand."

"Our secret?" She looked at him with eyes big and tender in the moonlight. But he went away without a word.

Helen did not go to sleep. She sat up in her little white bed in her state-room and looked out into the starry night and revelled in her sensations. She had been so many times enamored of imaginary heroes that it was difficult to tell how much of her present experience was real feeling and how much unconscious rehearsal of things learned from books.

It is not an easy matter for the sincerest of us to separate intrinsic feeling from the sentiment which education, conventionalism, and a thousand extraneous influences weave round the heart.

Whenever Helen had a little time to herself she scribbled bits of letters to her friend Fifine, describing and analyzing her beautiful emotions, usually in the jargon of the heroines of romantic fiction. But she meant all that she wrote.

"Dearest," she began once and drew a line through the word. "No, a thousand pardons, *mon amie*! Not even to you can I evermore apply that sweet superlative. It belongs henceforth to One only—the one who of all the world is the hero of my dreams and of my life; my—O, dare I say it, my—*lover*? Yes, dear friend, for it is true, *true*. I cannot mistake the language of those eyes,—Fifine, believe me, the most glorious eyes that ever beamed with the light of love. . . . And all this wonder has happened in three days! Three days? One day, one little minute,—so long a space only as it takes a glance to telegraph its message. It is true I have known him all my life nearly. But our two souls like two spheres circling in space have just now touched. And O, the deliciousness of the shock! It thrills, it thrills to the centre of one's being! Madame Sand knows what love is and describes it beautifully, wonderfully; and one seems to know from the reading. But it is like knowing the steps and figures but not knowing how to dance, or like learning the theory of music without being able to play a single instrument. . . . Last night we sat out on the deck. The sky was the sweetest blue sprinkled with stars—other worlds *he* said, and little pink scarfs of cloud floated near the moon, transparent—you could see the blue distance through and beyond them. Woods on both sides of us and the glistening river between. And all sorts of queer sounds, bird-calls and the like, could be heard. And over all such a throbbing stillness. O, of course the steamer was puffing and the boat-

hands talking down below. But *for us*, sitting apart and alone, it was still and sublime. We scarcely spoke. But we lived, Fifine, *we lived* to our finger-tips. I turned my face toward him and asked, "Of what are you thinking, Burgoyne?" "Of you," he answered quickly, with a divine look. And suddenly it seemed as if some irresistible force were drawing us together, and that our lips must meet in one long, long, long kiss, and our souls, steeped in rapture, die away into the blue, blue night. That was the sensation, dear, mine and his—yes, I am sure it was his, too. But he is strong, strong even in love where most men are weak. He drew a long breath and moved away a little and the spell was broken. For we have known each other such a little while and he would not take advantage. I feel sure that is why he did not speak then and there. Or perhaps—yes, I think he is a little bit afraid of me, in awe of me, as if I were a superior being! Men have such amazingly high ideals of woman. And when they fall in love with us we must perforce stand for those ideals. And really, Fifine, I do feel a little saintly when I am with him,—really! Is that hypocritical—or do we positively become for the moment what people believe us, be it saint or devil? I know that for some reason or other Mabel Pembroke dislikes me; and I always feel at my very worst in her presence. I suppose I am very sensitive,—people play upon me easily. Well, thank heaven, the tunes in me are not all bad. When the right sort of hand touches me I flatter myself I am capable of a little melody. And just now, *ma chere*, I am singing, ringing with a most joyful sound. O, Fifine, love, *love*,—in the imperative mode! You must love if you would know what love is. No one can tell you, not even the author of *Lucrezia Floriana*."

Burgoyne's experience was absolutely initiatory. And naturally it was intense, tremendous. He had come to the period in young manhood—a movable period occurring sometimes at a tender and sometimes at a mature age—when the

Grand Passion, under provocation, must break out in its first blind stormy chaotic phase, the emotional.

The provocation is not always necessarily great. But in this case it was considerable. Helen was indeed very pretty, — with a wonderful pink-and-white complexion, an arch glance, a delicate grace of movement, and the trick of knowing how to use her charms,— which is much.

But it is possible the result would have been the same if she had been sallow and angular. There is a mighty potency in the mysterious charm of sex, propinquity, idleness, moonlight, and languorous breezes.

It would have been a sad blow to the girl's pride to have been made aware of how small a part her precious individuality played in this important affair. A necessary one however; as necessary as the part of the wick whose simple office it is to conduct the oil to the flame.

There is a great deal of sentiment yet in the world, about Birth and Love and Death. Science cannot explain away the wondering joy of the new mother; or convince the enamored swain that it is but a simple function of his nature to love and mate, or dispel the awful mystery that broods over life's ending.

Burgoyne and Helen drifted naturally, inevitably, to the climax of their amazing love, and their lips met finally in that "long, long, long kiss," the seal of happy betrothal.

They believed and declared with perfect faith that the flame of this splendid torch they had lighted would illumine their joint pathway down the whole journey of life and even into the great beyond. For love links souls with immortality, with infinity, with God.

Burgoyne, delirious with his new strange happiness, went straightway to Mrs. Vincent. She was both delighted and perturbed. She had always cherished a secret wish that this thing might happen, and so, she believed, had Mme. La Scalla—though no word had ever been spoken. But it had happened too soon. Helen was a mere child yet, and what

could she know about love? And how had it come about so quickly? The girl was altogether ignorant of the world, of society. And so for that matter was Burgoyne. Well, they must wait, that was the easy solution.

Burgoyne, the most generous of lovers, was willing to promise anything—even a secret engagement for so long as might be desired.

"For, after all," he reasoned royally, "nothing matters much to love but love."

It was a radiant party that alighted at La Scalla Place one fine evening. The young people were brimming with a secret that leaked out in every glance and gesture, and Mrs. Vincent herself was almost as transparent.

"It is so comfortable," she reflected, "to have a child's future so beautifully settled at the very outset." And this complacency showed itself continually in her contemplation of the happy pair.

A few mornings after the arrival Burgoyne and Helen went off for a gallop, and Madame La Scalla, who was paying a lengthy visit in her cousin's apartments, drifted over to a window seat. She could see the riders far down the lane, Helen's gauze veil floating on the wind like a delicate gray cloud.

Mrs. Vincent, who was busy taking things out of her trunk, with the help of a French maid, came and stood beside her to exhibit some dainty garment she had brought from Paris. She was talking with her usual vivacity, but as her eyes took the direction of Madame's she broke off and exclaimed, "Aren't they a beautiful pair?"

Corinne looked up and said drily, "How far has it gone?"

Mrs. Vincent flushed.

"You surely can have no objections, Corinne!"

"I did not make any."

"But you spoke strangely,—perhaps you think nothing should have been done before you were consulted."

"*Bien-entendu*," said Madame with a shrug.

"Well, we are even on that score, they did not ask me if they might fall in love, —young people have a way of taking these matters into their own hands."

"It occurred under your eyes, however. You should have staved it off for the present, I think. They are absurdly young, especially Burgoyne."

"I wish to heaven you had had the case to deal with instead of me," returned Constance impatiently.

"It might have been better," coolly admitted Madame. "There is always a way to manage these things. But, *Quel que soit*, we will not quarrel. I have no fault to find with my future daughter-in-law, I have always had a great fondness for Helen. If all goes well I shall be satisfied."

"If all goes well? For goodness' sake don't forbode! What is there to fear?"

"You do not intend that they shall be married immediately, I suppose."

"Of course not. But in this case I do not apprehend any disastrous consequences from a long engagement,—they are so devoted to each other. And really they seem made for each other. Did you ever see a more charming contrast? The fair and the dark. It is a positive delight to look at them. What does Maurice say?"

"Maurice is not very observing," said Madame.

Mrs. Vincent returned to her task, and presently Madame joined her and the two went over the contents of the trunk together, interestedly as women do in such matters, and fell into pleasant chat about old friends and familiar places.

They differed widely in most respects but were alike in one,—a certain airiness of nature which enabled them to skim over the disagreeable places of life with an easy grace. A quarrel, if their frequent little clashings could be called quarrels, left no permanent impression upon either of them.

Corinne had a piece of news to tell. Maurice was planning for the whole family, himself included, to visit the Paris

Exposition and perhaps spend the entire season abroad.

Mrs. Vincent was in ecstasies, and immediately began supplementing the arrangement with plans of her own. The two families would travel *a la fois*, and take quarters together in the gay capital; and Burgoyne and Helen would have the felicity of each other's companionship.

"How did you ever manage it, Corinne?" she asked. "I thought Maurice could never be induced to go abroad."

"I think M. Condé managed it," said Madame, "he thinks the world ought to be treated to a glimpse of me now and then."

"Ah, M. Condé, your life-long admirer!" laughed Constance. "He will go too, I suppose?"

"Surely."

"Perhaps I can persuade James also,—I can hold up Maurice to him, you know. *Mon Dieu!* We shall have grand times in dear old Paris next year."

Madame La Scalla was not the only one who divined the Great Secret. Beatrice too was conscious of it in a dim way. The attitude of the lovers toward each other fascinated her and filled her with a strange pain. She liked to watch them covertly and then steal away and brood over the awful hurt in her heart.

Doudouce was always at her side looking up at her with soft, innocent eyes, serenely unsympathetic. One day in a sudden and most unusual fit of exasperation she struck Doudouce a sharp little blow. "You are a stupid and unfeeling thing," she cried, and then, in swift repentance, flung her arms around the astonished creature's neck and burst into tears.

It was the first time she had ever deliberately—if this could be called deliberately-inflicted pain, and the reaction was an intolerable hurt to her own feelings. There was a volcanic force in the child which must have an outlet whenever there was an internal commotion. The internal commotions were seldom fits of anger. Sometimes they were the flaming

up of a mighty creative fervor, when she must seize her paint-pots and brushes and produce something on canvas; or they were the restless stirrings of an active, overflowing spirit, and she must take a flying gallop on the back of a spirited horse, or sail her boat in the teeth of a gale, or row furiously up and down the bayou. Expression was the great need of her soul.

Gradually she had been given more and more liberty. The knowledge of the secret of her birth made a profound impression upon Evalina, to whose love for Beatrice was added an infinite tenderness and compassion. Like her father she felt a deep sense of obligation toward the child and a longing to make reparation. The latter could only be accomplished in one way, and she and M. La Scalla held long consultations about that.

As before when the Vincents were at the plantation, Beatrice kept out of the way. The first time Burgoyne met her—in his blissful absorption he had scarcely more than inquired about her—was one morning when he and Helen were strolling in the garden, whose tall hedges and other tangled growths made a kind of lovers' seclusion infinitely agreeable to the pair.

Beatrice came down the walk on her way to Salome's cottage. She was startled at the unexpected encounter but made a quick obeisance and passed on. She was barely as large as her fourteen years would warrant, and lithe and agile as her own little fawn.

Burgoyne's eyes followed her until she disappeared through the embowered gate.

"How handsome Beatrice is," he remarked. "I think she has the vividdest beauty of any girl I ever saw."

"Really!" said Helen.

He caught the sharp note in her voice and replied, with a smile, "I am not partial to vivid things, I prefer the softer tones."

Helen flushed angrily. "I hope you do not presume to compare us," she retorted.

"Why, no, except in the matter of—coloring, perhaps," he said, regarding her with amazement. Here was a new

phase in the character of his beloved which he did not comprehend and did not know how to meet.

"I do not choose to be compared with a *negress* in any way," she returned, drawing up her slender form and regarding him with a haughty eye.

"Why, my darling," he gasped, but she turned on her heel and walked away stately, thrilling with the delicious pangs of a first lovers' quarrel, and aware that she was acquitting herself after the approved manner of her favorite heroines of fiction. She could not but be meanly conscious that her performance was three-fourths acting, and yet she persisted. She was more sophisticated than her lover, and knew perfectly well that this little "misunderstanding," as she called it, would end in a delicious making-up. And, of course, he did not. There was a look of agony on his face as she swept him that last, cold glance,—as though he believed all must be over between them. She smiled as she remembered it. How tragic it was, and how fearfully delightful to test one's power so over a man! She wrote it all out to her dear Ffine, "while her heart was quivering."

However, she suffered a good deal that night, wept much and slept little. In the darkness—which was always peopled with terrors for her—the appalling thought came that perhaps after all Burgoyne would not "make up." Perhaps a real lover was altogether different from the amiable heroes of romance. She had made a gallant show but was not strong enough to hold her ground. Long before the dawn she decided to go to him and confess that she had been in the wrong and ask his forgiveness.

But a glance at Burgoyne's face at the ten o'clock *déjeuner*, when the family all met for the first time in the day—having taken the customary cup of black coffee in their respective bed-rooms at a much earlier hour,—moved her to reconsider. It would be better for the overtures to come from him.

After breakfast she wandered out to the west gallery where it was coolest,—

the heavy dews scarcely yet dried on the thick shrubbery crowding against the railing,—and stood pensively beside one of the great marble pillars expecting Burgoyne to soon find her there.

She was one of those flower-like girls whose beauty is always freshest and sweetest in the early morning. Airiness of dress became her and this morning her gown resembled a white mist dashed with blue. She was in a tremor of anticipation, her eyes far-gazing but her thoughts turned inward and her ear intent to catch the familiar step.

Presently across the field of her vision passed an apparition that drove the blood from her cheeks. A long way off in the direction of the woods Burgoyne, with his gun upon his shoulder and the dogs at his heels, was rapidly striding across the meadow. Could it be possible? It took a moment or two for her eyes to convince her of the fact, and then she sank limply down upon the floor of the gallery. Alas! Had she blighted the sweet prospects of her young life forever? And for a caprice, a mere vain wish to test her power,—or perhaps not even that, perhaps it was only a petty impulse to experiment with her own emotions! She did not spare her pride in her bitter self-analysis, but loathed and punished herself cruelly—and did not lose sight of the dramatic element.

By and by she rose and went to her room and took up her pen, but not to pour out her sorrows to her sympathetic Fifi. She wrote a long letter to Burgoyne. A little tragic it was, and blotted with a tear or two,—not purposely, but since they were there she let them stay, they would vouch for her sincerity. It was discounting her dignity terribly, but when bankruptcy impends, the wise financier makes sacrifices. And the more she thought and wrote the more it seemed to her she was on the eve of a great catastrophe.

As it happened the day was very quiet. The whole family had been invited to pay a visit to M. Condé at St. Martinsville. Helen pleaded a headache and was regret-

fully excused. Burgoyne declined without explanation. Of course it was because Helen was unable to go, thought his wise elders.

Miss Speedwell as usual retired to her room after luncheon for her siesta. Beatrice, visible from Helen's window, was quietly sketching on the north gallery.

Late in the afternoon Burgoyne returned. Helen's heart throbbed wildly as he passed along the corridor to his own apartments.

She took her letter from the table and stood with it in her hand, wondering how she should get it to him.

Beatrice, absorbed in her work, began trilling a little song. Helen stepped to the window and called to her. She laid down her pallet and brushes with a frown and came in.

"I wish you to take this note to Mr. Burgoyne; he is in his room, I think," said Helen, mustering a nonchalant air.

To her unbounded amazement Beatrice drew herself up proudly and replied, "I will not."

"What, you will not, you—*slave*?"

Quicker than thought Helen's white hand flew out and dealt her a stinging blow on the cheek.

It was incomprehensible to her then and ever afterward how she could have so far forgotten herself, and how she managed to get out of the room and away from the terrible look in Beatrice's eyes.

Beatrice turned and flew down the stairs, and down through the gardens, and burst like a hurricane into her grandmother's quiet cabin. She threw herself upon the bed and writhed and twisted and moaned.

Salome thought the child was in convulsions, and got down by the bed-side and rubbed her hands, and lamented and contorted her old face sympathetically.

"W'at is it, honey, w'at is it, dahlin? Cyan't yo' tell yo' old Mauma w'at the matta' is? Did anybody hu't yo', sweet-heart?"

After a time Beatrice broke out—not so much in answer to Mauma's solici-

tions as to relieve her own feelings, apparently.

"She struck me, she struck me, oh, oh! and called me a slave—a *slave*."

"Who struck you,—Miss Evalina?"

"No, no; Miss Helen. O, I hate her, I hate her, *I hate her*."

She sat up suddenly and clenched her small fists. Her eyes blazed.

"I could kill her,—I *will* kill her some day."

"Hush, hush, honey," cautioned her old grandmother, "the Lawd'll punish you fo' those wicked wu'ds."

[*To be continued.*]



TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O WONDROUS Voice that startles night,—
Thou plaintive Nightingale,—
Transmuting sorrow to delight
In that melodious wail!

Thou pourest out upon the dark
Such luxury of pain,
In such a sweetest cadence! Hark!
Again, and still again!

What hast thou lost so rich and rare,
That when thou dost repeat
The tale of heavy-hearted care,
Thy very woe seems sweet?

One boon, I know, that we may hold,
May hold and then may lose,
Nor be in all our sorrow cold,
Nor all of joy refuse;

'Tis love; if love must turn away,
And memory remain,
The heart will cherish, day by day,
Delight in depths of pain.

Delight in thought of love's great gift,
Of passion's ecstasies;
Of looks and smiles that once could lift
The spirit to the skies;

Singing, amid its tears, the song
Of dearest things long fled
Till, fed on mem'ries, joy grows strong
And sorrow seemeth dead.

Again that voice! Ah, pain and joy!
Sing, Bird! Thy song doth prove
That thine is woe which cannot cloy,—
Thou singest of lost love.

CHICAGO, ILL.

William Francis Barnard.

IN THE QUEEN'S DOMAINS.

BY EUGENE SECOR.

TRAVEL is a delightful recreation as well as source of information. Were it not for the lack of time, or means, or both, and the horror of crossing Old Ocean, many of us would pack our "Saratogas," obtain our passports and hie to the time-worn castles and picturesque mountain lakes of bonnie Scotland, or to Erin's green Isle, or to historic England. Most of us Americans are so married to our business, and so intent in our pursuit of the fickle goddess, Fortune, that we despair of ever seeing the empire presided over by Her Majesty, much less of seeing the Queen herself. But one may see a queen and study her subjects without the journey over turbulent billows. Follow me out upon the lawn. We will stop at a small observatory beehive made especially to accommodate timid people who think bees were made only to sting. Of course that isn't true, but for fear you shall be unable to control your nerves while I introduce you to Her Majesty—a real Italian Queen—I will lend you a Brussels vail to protect your face.

Do you see that long, slender, graceful, golden bee slowly moving among the smaller ones who make way for her majestic coming? That's the queen, Mrs. Apis Mellifica, a native of Liguria, Italy. She is four years old. She has survived at least twenty generations of her so-called subjects.

The queen is the only bee in the colony that lives to see her birthday. All others live only for a few brief months—from two to six—according to the time of year and their activity; shorter in summer and longer in winter. The queen is so named by courtesy, rather than by any governing prerogative which she possesses. She is the mother bee; and her office of maternity seems to be controlled partially, if not entirely, by her daughters—called workers.

They appear to set the pace for her oviparous deposits. If the weather is

favorable and ample nectarine provisions are in sight, the daughters stimulate the ovarian organs by generous supplies of royal aliment and encourage her to do her best, which she proceeds to do as if she were a slave and not a monarch ruling fifty thousand subjects. This royal office is no sinecure.

During the height of the honey flow it is estimated that the queen can and often does lay three thousand eggs in twenty-four hours. She is then obeying the divine command; "Be fruitful and multiply."

When this rate of ovipositing is maintained for a few weeks the crowded condition of the hive causes them to "swarm." This is simply fulfilling a law of nature to increase by establishing another family.

Swarming is controlled by the workers. The queen is subject to their behests. She does not plan for increase, sending out a colony of young bees to seek a new home, as might be presumed by the casual observer. The workers do the planning and compel the queen to vacate the domicile at the proper time, a majority of the workers going with her. A swarm consists of a queen, workers of all ages—that is, young things that never flew before, nurse bees, field-workers,—some of which have so nearly fulfilled their life mission that their wings are about worn out,—and drones.

You naturally inquire how the old colony gets along if the mother bee and most of the workers leave with the swarm. The bees never drive the queen out without a reasonably sure provision for the preservation of the home left. On the approach of warm weather and a liberal secretion of nectar in the flowers, the same instinct which impels them to increase their kind leads them to prepare in advance for swarming time.

It must be explained that the queen lays two kinds of eggs only, although there are three kinds of bees in a colony—queen, workers and drones. Workers are females

but not fully developed. Any egg that will hatch into a worker can be made to develop a queen, if the workers so will. Whether a female egg is developed into a worker or a queen depends on the food supplied to the young larva immediately after the egg is hatched (about three days from the time it is deposited in the cell).

When the impulse to increase takes hold of a colony the workers set about raising a queen to take the place of the old one destined to leave with the swarm. They select a number of eggs or youngest larvæ, generally near the edge of a comb, because they want more room for the royal cradle than is given to the plebeians—the workers. They will often construct a dozen queen cells, although they know that two queens cannot live together any more than two human queens (exceptions in both cases are about equally numerous). They make ample provisions for all contingencies. So many accidents to the young queen are possible that every precaution is taken to preserve the life of the colony. Hence the number of queen cells prepared. As the queen is a good deal larger than a worker the cell she is reared in is correspondingly capacious.

They are so large and jut out from the comb in such a way that they resemble peanuts. Usually about eight days after these queen cells are started, the young larval queens, having been fed an abundance of "royal jelly," comfortably fixed in their palatial compartments and sealed up to await the development required before emerging into royalty, on some bright day between 9 A. M. and 3 P. M. there will be noticed a wonderful commotion going on—first, inside the hive, and when the excitement is sufficiently engendered they rush out pell mell, tumbling over each other in their seeming anxiety to leave home. If a church were on fire, and men, women and children were madly rushing for the one door of escape, they could not exceed the madness of a swarm of bees leaving their home which an hour before they would have defended to the very death.

Now, out and up they go, crossing the orbit of each other's flight, imitating the sweep of the planets and their satellites, crossing each other's path with such velocity and frequency that it is actually bewildering to watch them. Having had their frolic for a few minutes they alight in a cluster on a branch or other accessible object and send out scouts to find a new home. Sometimes this is accomplished in an hour or two and at other times the cluster will remain where it first settled for a day or two. The habit of alighting before going off to the woods or elsewhere is taken advantage of under domestication and a home at once provided for the swarm.

I have spoken of the queen, or mother bee, and worker. The queen emerges from the cell in about sixteen days from the egg; the worker in twenty-one days.

The queen lays two kinds of eggs. One will develop into a worker or queen, according to treatment, and the other develops into a male, or drone. These are generally reared only when the colony are making preparations to swarm, or intend to rear a young queen. The name was probably first applied to them because of the low, monotonous sound caused by their clumsy wings. It requires twenty-four days for their development. They are larger every way than the workers. They are reared in cells constructed especially for them. They toil not, neither do they sting. They leave the hive only in the middle of pleasant days. They are the favored class in bee-dom, during their short and precarious existence. They are reared and pampered as long as they are likely to be of use in the propagation of their species, but when instinct tells the workers that the males will not be needed further during the season, they are cruelly driven out of the hive at the point of the bayonet to starve.

"Their short proboscis sips
No luscious nectar from the wild thyme's lips,
From the lime's leaf no amber drops they
steal,
Nor bear their grooveless thighs the foodful
meal;
On other's toils in pamp'rd leisure thr'v'e
The lazy fathers of the industrious hive."

MISS PERKINS, FROM MAINE.

THE Grundy County Institute was held the other day
At the Babbist Church at Putnam, just thirteen miles away;
And I thought I'd like to 'tend it, bein' how the day was fine,
To see our modern teachers a formin' into line.

I'm strong on Eddication! Why, when I was a kid
You'd orter seen my 'Rithmetic and the hard old sums I did!
I was'led with my Jography, and managed Grammar well,
And left off head most every night when we stood up to spell.

If I writ a composition, I could whack it into rhyme,
And the town-committee wondered at its meter and its time.
I walked straight through the Deestrick School, its teachins was so plain,
And finished at the 'Cademy, down in the State of Maine.

I took five years of house-keepin', and five of mill'ner's work,
Then twenty years of fact'ry life where women cannot shirk;
My head felt like a worn-out wheel a clatterin' in its spokes
So I thought I'd take a holiday, and come and see my folks.

I came to Iowa, and found my sister's youngest girl;
Her cheeks was red as roses and her hair was all a-curl;
She was Angelliny Gibson, a graduate from college,
A member of the Normal Class and full of Normal knowledge.

And the Putnam folks had hired her to teach their graded school,
In the Infantile department under Kindergarden rule;
To give 'em object lessons, and learn 'em how to count,
And draw out first-class wisdom directly from the fount.

Angelliny's big Diplomy, in its anti-fresco frame,
Had an ornamental "Ph. D." a waitin' on her name.
Now I'd learned the 'breviations entirely by heart,
Knew Doctor of Divinity, and Bachelor of Art;

But here I found a stunner, and it sorto troubled me
That I couldn't tell the meaning of the title "Ph. D."
She give no explanation, though I hinted round about;
So I went up to the Institute a-purpose to find out.

'Twas a great old day for Putnam, the Babbist Church was full;
There was girls in plush and velvet, and men in plush and wool;
A lady played the organ; she wore a seal-skin cape,
And she cuffed the stops and banged the keys in dreadful desp'rate shape.

One teacher aired Di-dactics; one picked up broken links;
One built a tower of History and filled up all the chinks;
One chewed three sticks of gum at once; her jaws worked up and down,
It 'minded me of the village pump in some old Eastern town.

But Angelliny took the cake, her discourse led the rest,
And I knew the Superintendent thought it was the very best.
You could see the fires of Genus a blazin' in her eyes,
And the flowers of Grundy County all wilted in surprise!

The County Superintendent he was fitted for the place;
His name was Philip Harmon, and he had a bonny face;
He talked with Angelliny when the Institute was done,
And said so many spicy things I can't remember one!

But when he tucked us in the sleigh, I caught a whispered word,
'Twas 'darling,' and I felt ashamed because I'd overheard;
As quick as flash of lightning the truth broke over me,
That "Philip Harmon's Darling," for short, was "Ph. D."

Mebbe I am old-maidish, but I think way back in Maine,
They wouldn't put it into print and hang it in a frame;
I'm glad my curiosity is satisfied and hushed,
And glad I didn't ask her, for I know she would have blushed.

These Western fashions startles me whichever way I turn;
Like a farmer's girl in the city, I've got 'em all to learn;
But the thing that seems the funniest is Angelline's degree,
Where "Philip Harmon's Darling" is printed "Ph. D."

SUMNER, IOWA.

Emma Eggleston.

IN THE STUBBLE-FIELDS.

BY S. R. DAVIS.

A FEW days ago I saw my old friend driving out of town in his buggy, and lying at his feet was his constant companion, an old Irish setter. I saw no gun with him, but, as he drove by, my friend returned my salutation with a significant smile. The limitations of the game law had not quite expired, but I knew as certainly as if he had told me that he was heading for a stubble-field, where a covey of young prairie chickens was likely to be found at this season of the year.

Although the thermometer may register a hundred in the shade, the heat will not intimidate our sportsman. He jogs along philosophically until he reaches the field, quite a distance from any dwelling and out of sight of chance harvesters and other workers of the fields. The gun is then disclosed. It is taken from under the buggy seat. The intelligent and impatient dog, already in the field, running with his nose just above the stubble but not going beyond the range of the voice of command, seeks to hurry his master by running toward him with eager looks. Finally, the canvas coat with its mysterious pockets is donned by the old sport, the barbed wire fortress is scaled, and the hunt is commenced.

Closely follow our noble setter as he carefully trots along with his head just above the top of the stubble. He stops,

puts his nose to the ground for a moment, then gallops off rapidly in another direction. He discovers that the birds have been in that part of the field, but, hours, perhaps a day, before.

Suddenly his swinging gallop ceases; he trots slowly along the edge of a swale in the field toward a small patch of thick weeds; then he drops into a slow walk, his tail straight behind him; then, slightly crouching and creeping along, his mouth closed, his eyes dilated, and his body tremulous, he stops short and stands motionless, a beautiful brown statue, his large eyes peering at the birds through the weeds and stubble only a few feet away.

As the hunter approaches, the young birds that first see him arise one by one, only to fall, stricken by the leaden hail.

When the birds are quite young and when first hunted they seem to be paralyzed by the first fire, and cower in the stubble almost under the hunter's feet, giving him time to load and fire at intervals as the dog discovers and flushes them, until almost the whole covey disappear in the coat of many closets.

No more picturesque sight is ever seen in these midland fields than that of the expectant hunter, standing over his motionless setter, waiting eagerly for the rising of the bird, whose flight is as swift and graceful as its flesh is dainty and delicious.

A MIDLAND VITAGRAPH. II.

BY HARRIET M. TALMADGE.

A LITTLE square room with two small windows and a door that faces the south. A bed stands in one corner, with an old-fashioned pink and green patch-work quilt and two little long flat pillows. At its foot is the cook-stove, bright and clean, a copper tea-kettle singing upon it and glistening in the sunlight that streams in at the door. The sun glares on the sanded floor, polished and white.

At the window beside the door the sun streams in and falls on a head of silvery hair. It is wavy, pretty hair, with numerous stray locks curling about a wrinkled face, drawn and furrowed with suffering. The face bends resignedly over the work in the woman's hands — lean, distorted hands, with fingers stiffened at the joints, some crooked, others straight, and seeming to use their needles with so much difficulty that one can scarcely believe the knitting to be growing beneath them.

A robin lights on a bough of the lilac bush, shaking the blossoms and sending their fragrance in, sweet and redundant. The woman turns her worn face to the sunshine at the sound of the bird's happy chirp. A look of half longing, half despair passes over her face as of a memory of sweet hopes long ago buried, yet dear as a dead child to the mother-heart.

Tears glisten about the upturned eyes. Then a gleam of hope returns and she takes up her knitting again.

"She may come to-day," the woman softly murmurs, and the tea-kettle hums in a merrier strain while the sunlight on the floor dances gaily to its tune.

A shadow falls across the strip of sunshine and a young girl enters.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Allen," says a cheery voice, with a tremor scarcely audible, yet discerned by ears ever on the alert for something constantly hoped for and always dreaded. "You are better this morning, I hope?"

The girl sets a basket upon a table and comes nearer.

"You always say those hopeful words, Mary, but I shall never be better," the woman answers sadly.

She moves her feet on the floor as if to rise, but a look of pain comes over her face and she settles back again. As she does so she looks up into the young girl's face with the bright rays of sun upon it.

"But what is it?" cries the woman. "Have you heard — do you know anything?"

The girl turns hastily to the basket. "I came for the work, if you have any more done, so mother sent these," and she set out some bread, meat and fresh cookies upon the table.

"Yes, yes," says the woman eagerly, "your mother is so good; but tell me, is there — have you — heard — anything from — *her*?" She tries again to rise, but the pain is severe and she falls back once more into her chair.

The girl goes slowly up to her and reaches out her fair, plump hands to clasp the bony, crippled ones.

"Dear Mrs. Allen, don't worry about her," and tears come into her eyes as she presses her round cheek against the waves of the woman's hair. The same rays of the morning sun kiss the silver hair and the golden. The robin chirps among the lilacs whose leaves make dancing shadows on the window sill, and tears drop from the girl's face.

Then her tender voice says, "You remember, don't you, when Mary Magdalene stood without the empty sepulcher weeping for the Lord, how she looked and saw the angels, who told her that her Lord was not there; how she stood in utter loneliness and despair, heartbroken, since she knew not where they had laid Him? Then Christ came to her — to her, the wicked woman, who had forsaken evil to follow Him — came to her first of all?"

The girl slips down on her knees and looks up into the sorrowful face. The tears are glistening on the cheeks of both like diamonds in the sun.

"If you knew, dear, that Christ had come to your Mary—your own Mary, dearer to you than ever, since she is fallen and the world but scorns and tortures her,—if you knew He had taken her where the world was powerless to wound her any more,—if you knew this, even if you were alone, you would be glad, wouldn't you?" and the tear-dimmed eyes look appealingly into the woman's face.

"If Mary were dead," the woman answers slowly, "I could be glad. I could lie down to rest then, and never rise again, if I knew the world was no longer slowly killing my baby girl. There would then be nothing more for me to do."

The girl turns pale and shivers slightly. "Let us be glad then," she murmurs solemnly, and bows her head. "God is good—is always good. Whom He loveth He chasteneth and to even the forsaken Magdalene He comes with rest and forgiveness."

The woman says not a word and the girl sits a long time silent by her side. The robin has flown away and the strip of sunshine has passed over the two figures and falls behind them on the floor.

After a time they wipe away their tears, the girl kisses the woman's forehead and bids her tenderly good-bye. She will come again in the afternoon.

It is late in the afternoon when the girl comes back. She hurries to the door, but pauses on the threshold. The

sun is in the west now, and the room looks dark and repelling. The stove is unusually bright and polished, and the tea-kettle seems like new, but the fire is gone out and the things look dead and barren. The basket remains on the table just as she left it in the morning. The chair beside the window is empty and the knitting is folded neatly and lies upon the window-sill. Everything is in perfect order, and the girl thinks pityingly of the poor woman who for many months has kept them so only by moving an inch or two at a time, and that not without great pain. She thinks too of the broken heart waiting so anxiously for the daughter—fallen from grace in the eyes of the world—to come home again for comfort and forgiveness. The morning scene comes back to her vividly with a half-consciousness that she is now gazing on the woman's still form upon the bed and that this is the end.

She goes softly up to the bed and again takes hold of the worn, crippled hands.

They are cold.

She turns away with a great sob of relief and goes back to the door. The robins flit about in the nodding grasses, the fragrance of the lilacs comes strong as ever on the early evening breeze, the sound of tinkling cow-bells is heard in the pasture near by, a barking dog rushes past the front gate,—all outside is sunshine, life and promise; within all is quiet and peace.

MIDWAY.

BELOVED! On thy rare and delicate face
Time's records are so gently wrought they seem
As faint as elfin footprints, in a dream,
That touch on flowers and leave no certain trace,
Save for some random dewdrops they displace
From petals pale at dawn's awakening.
The Spoiler well may pause from ravaging
So fair a temple—for some little space—
Where Love hath chosen his abiding-place;
Where Gentleness hath built her holy shrine;
Where Virtue lights her altar-fires divine;
When God hath set the signet of His grace.
Where fanes so beauteous crumble into dust,
Their ruins bury half our hope and trust.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Theo. M. Carpenter.

RAIN-MAKING DOWN TO DATE. I.

BY HON. J. R. SAGE,
Director of the Iowa Weather Bureau.

CAN we make it rain? is the modern counterpart of the question propounded by the writer of one of the oldest books of Hebrew literature—"Hath the rain a father?" In all the ages there have been claimants to paternity of the rainfall, but despite their efforts to prove the relationship there has remained a cloud upon their title. There are serious difficulties in the way of establishing the claim, for the rains descended before these pluvius professors began the practice of their arts, which fact gives basis for at least a suspicion that it would have rained just the same if they had never been born.

The ancient rain-fakirs performed incantations, and impressed the credulous by claiming to have sufficient influence with their deities to produce showers at will. The latter-day pluviocrats profess to have penetrated the secret of nature's process of distillation, whereby they are able at will to set in operation the forces that cause the downpour. By shrewdly timing their work, giving five or six days' range to the "at will," they have to some extent captivated the popular mind; but those who have thoughtfully studied nature's methods, and mastered even the rudiments of meteorological science, are most skeptical concerning all such claims.

So it may be quite positively asserted that down to date there are no visible indications that nature is about to retire from the rain-making business, or that any part of the job is to be sublet by contract. Nature has ample forces employed in that kind of work, and none of them are known to be out on a strike. The sun runs the pumping machinery, working on full time, lifting in its diurnal course millions of tons of water, converting it into vapor and sending it inland upon the wings of the winds. The boreal blasts, commingling with the vapor-laden

winds from seaward, form the rain-clouds, those "wandering cisterns of the air," which are swept into the vortex of the cyclone, carried across the continent and made to drop their watery contents upon the thirsty earth.

The gigantic forces of nature employed in the production of even a moderate shower are infinitely above the grasp and even beyond the comprehension of man. Those who have given life-long study to the movements of the elements and the laws governing their action have barely learned the alphabet of the subject, and the very terms employed in its discussion but serve to illustrate the illimitable expanse of the unknown. They have learned enough, however, to know that these vast forces can only be wielded by the power of the Omnipotent. As an illustration of what is termed the thermo-dynamics of the atmosphere, as related to the production of violent storms, a noted French scientist, H. Mohn, made a careful estimate of the energy expended in the passage of a notable West Indies cyclone, which lasted three days and nights, and the conclusion reached was that the force developed was fully equal to four hundred and seventy-three million horse-power, or at least fifteen times the power that is produced in the same space of time by all the windmills, turbines, steam engines, and all the men and animals on the surface of the globe. "Whence comes this colossal force?" he asks, and the answer is: "From the latent heat of vapor which rises in the center of the hurricane and is there condensed."

Applying this method of computation to mid-continent cyclonic movements with which the people of this region are familiar, some most astounding results will be reached. Suppose, for illustration, a storm is developed of sufficient extent and force to yield to the state of Iowa an

average of one inch of rainfall. To produce this, the area covered by the "low" in its movement across the valley must be from three to five times the extent of the area of precipitation, for it should be known that to obtain even a moderate amount of moisture you must milk a wide expanse of sky. On the average the area of rainfall in this portion of the continent does not exceed one-fifth of the territory covered by the cyclone. All parts of this area feel the effects of the passing storm; but only a fraction thereof receives benefit of the rainfall. There is a vast sweep in the circulation of winds employed in the work of wringing out a purely local shower. And the sum total of energy employed in the production of rainfall to the extent herein described would be more than equal to the motive power required to operate all the machinery of the world for an equal length of time. To fully illustrate and demonstrate the dynamic theory of storms would require much space and some very intricate mathematics.

It will be seen from the foregoing that when any man undertakes, by the employment of any known mechanical or chemical forces, to produce rain at will, to cover even a square mile of surface, he assumes a very large contract. And in view of the infinite resources of nature, and the vast scope of operation of the forces engaged in pumping the waters from the sea and pouring them out upon the land, the conclusion must be reached that the man who assumes the title of Nature's Assistant Rain-maker is practicing upon the credulity of the public.

Rainfall is the most variable element of climate. This variability is not in the sum total of precipitation the world over; for the sun's heat is a constant, and the process of evaporation is going on continually and all the waters that rise in vapors must pass through the counter process of condensation. But there is great inequality in the distribution of rainfall. The hyetal charts of the world, graphically representing the annual rainfall in shades, show very black and very

light belts and spots in all portions of the earth. There are rainless regions in close proximity to regions of perpetual greenness. Some of the islands of the ocean present a strange contrast;—on one side of a mountain a rainless, barren desert, and on the other side a very Eden of tropical luxuriance, with copious and unfailing rains. This marked inequality is caused by the topography of the countries where it is observed, and no human agency can change the course of the rain-bearing winds, or equalize the deposit of moisture.

In all mid-continent regions there is marked variability in the rainfall of different seasons. The seasons of abundance and of deficiency sometimes come in groups or series, like the fat and lean kine of Pharoah's dream. And in the same season one portion of a state may be scorched by drouth while another section is blessed with an abundance of moisture. Every year some portion of this great valley suffers from drouth, while other portions receive excessive downpours. The total amount of precipitation over this continent varies but little year by year, but local extremes are of yearly occurrence.

The present season affords a marked illustration of inequality in the distribution of moisture. Reversing the usual order, Kansas has received a much larger amount than Iowa, and Colorado's quota of moisture has exceeded Kansas. The northwestern coast states were swept by floods, and the eastern states were drenched, while the states on a line from the Dakotas to Georgia were browned by drouth.

It is much easier to discover the cause of this irregularity than to prescribe an effective cure. The Gulf of Mexico is the thermal fountain whence is drawn the larger part of the rainfall which waters this and contiguous states in the Mississippi valley. The currents of humidity from that source have this year been deflected and precipitated elsewhere, while Iowa and the other drouthy states went dry. That has been the chief cause o

the shortage. The cyclones or "lows" were squeezed dry before they crossed the Missouri. There have been abundant signs and portents of rain all through the season; but the old weather proverb that all signs of rain fail in a dry time has been fully verified.

Some of the old Bible writers were shrewd observers of the weather. In Ecclesiastes ii: 3, we read: "If the clouds be full of rain they empty themselves upon the earth." And Job said: "They (the clouds) pour down rain according to the vapour thereof." That's good sense and sound meteorological science. When the clouds are full of rain, they empty themselves of moisture when brought under the right conditions as to temperature; that is, when subjected to dynamic cooling. But after they have been wrung dry they vanish into thin air and disappear. When the watery vapor is not in the air no process of pounding or squeezing will bring down rain.

It is not a matter of hypothesis but a demonstratable fact that in this drouthy period the percentage of relative humidity of the air has been unusually low. The records of the United States Weather Bureau station in Des Moines prove indubitably that the drouth was in the air, the relative and absolute humidity being so low at all hours of the day and night that no moisture could be wrung from the arid skies. Here are a few sample figures:

June 7, relative humidity at 7 A. M., 53 per cent; temperature, 56 degrees; dew-point, 39 degrees; fall in temperature necessary to produce dew, 17 degrees. Same date, 7 P. M., humidity, 21 per cent; temperature, 81 degrees; dew-point, 38 degrees; fall in temperature necessary to produce dew, 43 degrees.

To produce rain from such arid atmosphere the temperature must be suddenly lowered from 81 to below 38 degrees, and

that would produce a frost following the rain.

The mean relative humidity of the air during the first fifteen days of June (A. M. and P. M. observations) was 47.5 per cent; average dew-point, 48 degrees; average fall necessary to produce dew, 23 degrees.

These figures illustrate the difficulty in the way of rain-making by nature's process. Due credit must be given to nature, however, for making heroic efforts to that end. There were the usual reactionary periods, and the elements passed through all the throes and changes incident to the month of our heaviest rainfall, but the rains came not because the atmosphere did not contain the vapor. As Job says, "The clouds pour down rain according to the vapour thereof." They did that this season, but they were rather short on vapor.

The monopolists of Kansas, Colorado and the Eastern states robbed Iowa of its just quota of moisture. We must make our appeal to Congress. That would be as effectual a remedy as the attempt to cure the defect by dosing the skies with chemical gases through a stove-pipe hole in the top of a freight car!

The arid atmosphere does not thirst for gas, but cries continually, "Water! water!" Give it an abundance of vapor, apply the dynamic cooling process and it will water the earth copiously. So, to create a fresh supply of vapor, it would be more rational to start the tea-kettles boiling over a million fires than to administer a dose of gas.

Meantime, until man has attained sufficient power to grasp and wield the infinite forces of nature, whereby he can, at will, change the mighty currents of ocean and atmosphere, and thereby make a more equal distribution of moisture, we had better reverently adopt the motto engraved upon our silver dollar—"In God we Trust."



DALLAS—A SKETCH.

BY OLIVE MCHENRY.

I DO not suppose any of us can now tell just how many children there really were in the Haman family. I do not remember all of them; but I do remember Dallas, a slender boy with a pale face and long yellow hair. He was not strong as the other boys were and, therefore, was not obliged to work in the fields. He helped his mother by "minding the baby." He would carry the child down to the brook, place her on the grass in the shade and sit there motionless as in a dream, until recalled to earth by the baby's shrieks or by the sound of his mother's voice.

They called him lazy. His father seemingly could not endure the sight of him and would often administer a beating when he caught him "mooning."

In the winter they all went to the district school where Dallas was the only one of the family who distinguished himself by anything except fighting. The Hamans were great fighters. They could "lick" anybody in the neighborhood.

They were an unprepossessing group, with their little close-set eyes, pug noses, low foreheads, and rough bristling hair. Their clothing, too, looked queer. It was made at home by their mother, who had one ingenious device by which she saved time. Obligated to do all the work for the family,—cooking, nursing, washing and sewing, she couldn't afford to make such unnecessary garments as vests, and economized time, trouble and cloth by cutting their trousers with a seat so long that it reached up under the arms, where it was held in place by one rag suspender. A very short jacket then sufficed to finish the covering of the form.

Among these stout, homely lads, Dallas looked strangely out of place. His beauty, his gentle manners and his dreamy disposition set him apart from the others, by all of whom he was wholly misunderstood. They applied to him the epithet,

"coward," because he wouldn't fight, and on many occasions they treated him with extreme harshness.

During the winter when they attended school, Dallas had, every day, a few minutes of unalloyed pleasure. He loved to read. Many of the selections in his reader were incomprehensible to him; but they gave him something to think about when he was alone. One winter he became so interested in a selection from "Ivanhoe" that his teacher brought him a copy of the story, telling him he might now read the entire work. He poured over the volume as soon as his lessons were finished, and in doing so found a pleasure his little world had never before offered.

The teacher, seeing how he delighted in the book, gave it to him for his own. He read it through several times. As soon as he reached the end of the story, he turned with renewed pleasure to begin it again. And, to think, he really owned the book! He showed it to his mother, who sniffed at it. She could not read, and did not see why boys should know so much more than their parents. She hoped it would not make him any lazier. It ought to be enough to read his school-books, she should think.

The father said nothing as he took it in his hand and turned it over. Then, making it spin across the room, he remarked, "I never had no books, and I've got along!"

Poor Dallas dared not take up the book until his father had left the room. Then he lifted it tenderly, and hugged it to his breast, intending to carry it to a place of safety in the loft.

"Let me see your book, Dal," said Ed, the oldest boy, snatching it from him. "Gimme some of the paper for gun wad'n," and Ed tore out several leaves. Dallas sprang with a cry to take the book, but Ed held it too high for him.

"Don't yell 'round here and wake the baby," said the mother. There was always a baby in the Haman family. "Give the young'un his book, Ed," she continued.

Dallas took the mutilated book; mounted the ladder to the loft and, creeping to his own bed in the corner, lay, face downward, with his elbows firmly set to support his head for reading as long as he could see. When called by his mother to help her do the chores, he hid his book and went about his work more meekly than ever.

When the long days of spring came, the boys were as busy as ever, helping their father in the fields,—all except Dallas. There were four little girls to be looked after and kept from under foot, and the mother insisted that she must have help to take care of them that she might not be hindered in her work.

After the daily routine of dish-washing and vegetable cleaning was completed, Dallas led forth the three little girls who could walk, and carried the baby in his arms. Their favorite place was beside the brook under the spreading branches of an old tree, in the hollow of which Dallas had hidden his precious "Ivanhoe." Here he was in the habit of coming when unobserved by the others, or when they had gone to the distant parts of the farm, and, drawing forth the book, he would pour over its pages with ever undiminished pleasure. It was his wont to invent some game for the little girls; then, putting the baby to sleep, he would lay her upon a piece of old quilt, and, taking the book, he would assume his favorite position on the grass and become oblivious to all sights and sounds. It was worth hours of drudgery to earn at last the quiet of an hour here on the soft grass in the warm air of the lovely spring.

This was not a very healthful neighborhood where the Hamans lived. The mists from the valley settled thick around their house, where the weeds grew rank, and, falling, were left unmolested to decay, filling the air with vapor which

caused various members of the Haman family to shake on alternate days with "the ager."

It was a sad day for Dallas when Ed or his father was sick. The poor drudge was allowed never a minute of rest, but must bring cool drinks, fan off the flies, and, when the fever came on, must constantly bathe the hot head.

But, O, the intolerable suffering when Dallas himself had a chill! How he shivered! how his teeth chattered! how his bones ached!—and his thirst was so terrible! Then, when he did get warm, how hot it was! No one had time to bring him a cool drink or to fan off the flies for him.

As the spring wore on into summer, and the summer, towards autumn, the good constitutions of the Hamans, aided by the quinine which they took as regularly as they ate their daily bread, overcame the malaria, and they ceased to alternately shake and burn.

But Dallas did not get well. He grew paler and thinner, and his long yellow hair, which his mother did not have time to cut, hung down on his neck and clung to his hollow cheeks where burned a bright red spot. Every day he walked more slowly, to the exasperation of his busy mother, who said he read more than was good for him. He had been told that dreadful things would happen to him if he were seen devouring that book any more. His father always knew that education and reading made people lazy, and to prove it—"Look at Dal; he hain't a bit o' energy left." The boy dared not allow his book to be seen, and when he lay sick he thought of it longingly. The house was so hot! His mother was so busy, and, with no one to look after them, the little girls made so much noise!

At last he became well enough to help again with the work, but he did not get strong. The baby grew stronger and heavier every day. It was hard work to carry her down to the brook, or to walk with her up and down in the little hot kitchen. She was so cross and heavy, and he felt so sick and weak! "Gits lazier

every day!" said Mrs. Haman. "That teacher jist spiled him!" said Mr. Haman.

One hot day Dallas again took his little flock to the shade of the big tree. The little girls wanted to fish in the brook. So Dallas made them poles from the long branches of the alder bushes, fastened to them strings with bent pins for hooks, and, without any bait, they fished away contentedly, while Dallas turned his attention to the cross baby, hoping she would soon go to sleep that he might enjoy his book. But the baby had no such intention. She would not sleep. How the flies did bite! Not a breath of air was stirring, and the clouds hung so low they made the earth warmer every minute. He tried to amuse her with flowers, but she would not be amused. Then he tried singing to her, but she stiffened her little spine, opened her mouth and yelled. There sat Dallas trying to sing to her, with tears of vexation rolling down his cheeks, streams of perspiration deluging his back, while his long hair fell over his face and nearly smothered him. In his despair he shook the baby and wished she had never been born, could be given away, or be gotten rid of in some way. But she wore herself out at last and actually went to sleep! He placed her gently upon the old quilt, and, too tired even for reading, bathed his hot face in the brook. Then, lying down on the cool grass, he fell asleep.

Some time after, he was awakened by a touch in the side from a bare foot. In summer all the Hamans went with bare feet. It was Ed, who said, "Git up, Dal, it's goin' to rain, and mother wants the baby."

Where was the baby? Not on the old quilt; not with the little girls; nowhere in sight! Where could she be? "You'll ketch it if anything's up with the baby," said Ed, turning towards the house.

Dallas wildly charged up and down the brook, but could find no trace of the child. The little girls had not seen her. The storm was coming in earnest. The

thunder burst in loud claps; the wind bowed the trees far down toward the earth, already wet with the rain.

Mrs. Haman came, frantically calling Dallas. But they two could not find the baby. Soon all the family were out searching. The storm grew worse, and, drenched to the skin, they gave up the search to wait for morning.

During the search, Dallas in awful agony had kept with the men who were following the brook, until they gave up in despair. The whole family, utterly without discipline, had abandoned themselves to this their first sorrow. They sat in the little kitchen, rocking and sobbing.

In the first wild burst of grief, Dallas was unnoticed. He stood in a corner in his wet garments, shaking with a terrible chill. He had not been reading, though, when the baby disappeared; Ed had borne testimony to that.

"You're a murderer!" said his mother, catching sight of him. "Git where I can't see you!" Then she gave way to wild cries, rocking herself to and fro.

Dallas ran out of the house. He stood in the rain, thinking. Was it true that he was a murderer? They had always told him if he kept on reading that book he would let something dreadful happen. And now, perhaps, the baby was drowned! What should he do? There was one thing he would do, anyway. He would destroy that book. Having made this determination, he walked through the darkness and the rain down to the brook where he had slept that afternoon. He felt for the hollow tree, and fell upon his knee to thrust his hand into the hollow for the book. His hand touched something soft and warm, and, with a cry he lay down flat on the wet grass, thrust in both his hands and drew forth the baby, warm and dry, but no longer cross! She must have been asleep when he touched her. She clung with both arms round her brother's neck, while he ran with all his might, fell against the kitchen door and, bursting into the midst of the astonished group, fell fainting upon the floor.

A DUBLIN SKETCH.

THE OLD UMBRELLA MENDER'S BELIEF IN THE FALLEN ANGELS.

BY HARRIET WALLACE ASHBV.

SHE sat before the open grate, an old Irish woman with a white cap on her head, her feet swathed in rags to keep out "the rheumatics." The kettle sang on the crane above the fire. Around her in a circle on the floor were kettles and pans brought in for repair, (for this rheumatic old person followed the trade of soldering and mending umbrellas). To show her my disabled umbrella, I pushed open the lower part of the door (it was made in two parts, the upper part opened to let in air and light, while the closed lower part kept the chickens in or out).

"Yes, Miss, I sodders things, Miss; a very soft [rainy] day, Miss. Is it Miss, or mam? Sure and I thought so, mam."

At the sound of her voice an excited flutter of wings caused me to look up on cage after cage of birds around the walls—woodlarks, skylarks and linnets. She laughed and twittered at the frightened things. "Faith, mam, and the woodlarks is the frightenedest creatures I ever see. Sure and I goes by the cage and it passes no remarks, but if *he* so much as darkens the door it is afther fluttering its wee wings."

I had heard much of the superstition of the old and fast-disappearing Irish peasantry and was curious to know something of it at first hand. This old woman in her queer cap seemed such a quaint character that I ventured to turn the subject to ghosts, while she worked and I waited.

"Ach! There are no ghosts," she exclaimed indignantly. "I tell you mam, don't you believe in ghosts, there are none; but [looking around mysteriously] there's fallen angels!"

"Indeed?"

"Oh yes, mam, and they has other names, mam. Some [in an awe-struck whisper] calls them midday devils, and more calls them good people and

fairies. [The superstitious are afraid of offending the "good people" by calling them bad names, and always speak in most respectful terms of them.] The fallen angels, mam, are them as are not dead, but has a change of life. We can't see them, and we think they're dead; but they can see us, and they lives on earth in ringheens. They owns one-third of all the people, and all the land, and cattle and food. Faith, an' they would be afther destroying the whole of the world, but they knows as they would get no salvation at all, at all. I only believes what I sees with my own eyes, mam; but I knew a girl,—and a fine girl of ten stone [one hundred and forty pounds] she were, mam. And one day she was after taking a basket of praties on her head for her brothers' dinner in the fields. Just as she was fair in a ringheen, that was on her way, mam, there rose before her a red-headed woman who knocks the basket off her head. Mary she picks up all the praties, and they was knocked over again, and Mary again picks them up and takes them to her brothers. Sure, an' all the time they eat she do keep singing, and the fallen angels' names do be at the head and tail of every verse! Well, mam, poor Mary she went home, and for a twelvemonth she was singing, with the names of the fallen angels at the head and tail of every verse! Faith, an' she had a sister as was to be confined, and as she went through the same ringheen she felt a prod like in her side, as if she was after havin' a knife in her. Well, she goes home, and all night long she feels that prod, and me mother and me break our hearts laughing at her man, that he thinks she is being confined before her time. In a week, mam, her baby was borned, as fine a wee boy as I ever laid my two eyes on, and when she was delivered of him she says, says she,

'Mother, I'm gone,' and just laid back and was took away. And, would you believe, mam, the side where she felt the prod turned as black, like she had been beat! I saw it with my own eyes, mam. And them two brothers as ate the praties — one of them as he was a-comin' home felt something strike his eyes like, and he was no sooner home than he lay down, and never got up again. And the comrade boy, when he heard of it, said, 'I fear I will not be at Shane's wake,' an', sure, on the day of the funeral he passed away! But not a one of them was dead, mam."

"Not dead?" I asked in surprise.

"No, mam, they jist had a change of life, mam, and was snatched away by the fallen angels. Some dies but they never comes back. Them as goes to Heaven has no wish to come back; and them as goes to Hell, the devils has too tight a hold on 'em. But them as the

fallen angels takes just has a change of life, and never leaves the earth at all, at all."

"There, mam, your umbrella do be good as ever it was. Thank you, mam; I hope you'll go to Heaven! Long life and more power to ye, mam! But don't ye believe in ghosts, mam, I'll tell ye queer things, mam, but only what I knows to be true, as I've seen with my own eyes, mam. Good day, mam; God bless you!"

Fish-wives with loaded baskets on their heads passed down the street as I came into the open air again. A sailor, with presents for his home folks tied into his huge handkerchief, walked hurriedly by, holding tight to the knotted ends of his burden. A street organ ground out the strain of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." The quaint old woman I had just left doubtless sat long before the fire with the circle of kettles and pans about her, and prayed earnestly for deliverance from the fallen angels.

TWO SONNETS.

I. A COUNTRY HOME.

A LITTLE house by trees and vines embowered,
By travelers seen, who mark the borders trim,
The paths well kept that wind through shadows dim,
Calls forth from all the thought:—"Ah! richly dowered
By fate are they whose lives so golden-houred
May here be passed; here lurk no specters grim
Of mighty strife, but simple joys that brim
O'er cup of life by bounteous nature showered!"
Alas! each heart its bitterness doth know!
Must come to all the tragedy of life!
Within the house e'en now such grief and woe
As blots all sunshine from the heart is rife!—
One mourns, alone for aye, a life laid low,
And peace within the heart gives way to strife.

II. A PEACEFUL HEART.

With pitiless intensity, all day.
Hot blasts of stifling air sweep through the streets
Where dwell the city's poor. Each day repeats
For them the life of toil,—a dreary way
Uncheered by sight of trees and flowers gay.
E'en heaven's blue 's obscured by smoke that leaps
In tortuous clouds from myriad furnace heats.
Yet as in snow-fields blooms the scarlet spray,*
So here in humble room, when night descends,
Blooms in a bruised heart, whose sorrows cease,
Forgiveness of past wrongs,—a flower that lends
Rare sweetness to the soul; and joys increase,
As self its sense of bitter wrong surrenders,
And strife within the heart gives way to peace.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Elizabeth K. Reynolds.

*Alga (*Protooites nivalis*), well known in the Arctics where it forms wide fields in the summer. Agassiz's Geol. Sketches, pages 226-227.

THE WAY WE CAME.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A LOYAL VIRGINIA WOMAN DURING THE WAR.

By EMMA YARNALL ROSS.

WHEELING, Va., Nov. 7, 1860. To-day's telegrams say that Abraham Lincoln is elected President of the United States,—and Mr. Lincoln a republican!—a "black republican," as the South has persisted in styling every member of his party since the Fremont campaign of '56.

November 12. There is a strong feeling of antagonism developing between the North and the South; men do not hesitate to say the South will secede if Lincoln is inaugurated. The idea of secession, and the disruption of the Union is intolerable to every patriotic soul and is the legitimate result of the doctrine of State Rights. South Carolina is especially pugnacious; but, perhaps, it may end in threats, as it did in the time of Jackson, Clay and Calhoun.

November 25. Hester C. has just been in; she says she is "a rebel," and hopes there will be war! "It would be so lively to have a city full of soldiers!" "I suppose they would be like West Pointers, and delightful to flirt with," she sagely remarks. I tell her, were there a war, the soldiers would be in actual service, not playing the part of carpet-knights to her, or any other pretty woman. I open to her the Pandora box of war horrors, and especially those of civil war; but she only tosses her pretty head and runs singing down the stairs.

December 6. Walking through the city to-day, I find excitement everywhere apparent. Men stand in groups on the corners talking loudly and wildly gesticulating; some appear only earnest and troubled, others positively angry. They are so deeply absorbed that many forget to speak to a lady as she passes!

December 24. South Carolina, true to her belief in the doctrine of State Rights, has seceded, thus bringing to a culmination the tragic act she has so long contemplated.

January 15, 1861. A convention has been called to meet at Richmond, to decide whether or not Virginia shall secede. Intense excitement prevails. Every day the scripture is fulfilled: "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." Family ties are broken in so many instances, that it is painful to meet friends and hear them speak of their nearest and dearest.

April 20. The past week has been crowded with events. On the thirteenth, Sumter fell. On the seventeenth, Virginia seceded. On the nineteenth, soldiers from Massachusetts were fired on while passing through Baltimore. This is the first blood shed; for, strange as it may appear, no one was killed at Sumter. The war feeling here is strong, and from all public buildings, residences and boats, float the stars and stripes.

The South has sent the North, through Major Anderson, this grimly humorous challenge:

"With mortar, cannon, and petard,
We tender you our Beauregard."

Our delegates to the Richmond convention were intimidated. They say no Union man was allowed to avow his sentiments; they were glad to get safely home.

June 12. Indignation mass meetings have been held in many parts of the state condemning the action at Richmond. A convention was called to meet in Wheeling, May 13th, for the election of delegates to a convention to be held May 26th. The delegates met and called a convention for June 11th, which met and repudiated the Richmond action in seceding from the Union.

The people here are wild with enthusiasm and patriotism is rampant. Enlisting offices are opened; companies are organizing and drilling, and men are riding through the country buying horses for the army.

There has long been in the city an organization of aristocratic young men, called "Company C." A few days since, its members were marching together for the last time before disbanding, some to join the Union army and some to swell the Confederate ranks. As they passed the wife of the company's captain, and saluted, she hissed the flag. At night a mob gathered and egged her house, so defacing the beautiful white marble porch as to ruin it. At midnight the whole family were sent down to the river in closed carriages and guarded by friendly citizens. They were placed upon a boat, and sent to Charleston and Kanawha, thence south. I fear that this is only the beginning of sorrows.

June 20. General McClellan had a fine reception at "The McClure" while here. He has now gone to the front.

In the parlors a little girl walked back and forth before him and then circled round him several times, as though making a thorough inspection. Every one was smiling at her whimsical behavior. Suddenly she stopped in front of the General, and, in her sweet, childish voice, said: "Well General, how does it feel to be a general, and wear so many big brass buttons?"

McClellan stooped down, and, tenderly taking the little one in his arms, responded: "My dear, the big brass buttons are all right, and do not bother me one particle, but being a general is a much more serious matter, and something it would be difficult for so wee a lassie as you to understand."

Then, to a lady standing near, he added: "It is a solemn thought, madam, that the fate of a nation and the lives of thousands of human beings hang in the balance, awaiting a word from the Commander-in-chief."

June 30. The first battle of the War has been fought, and fought on Virginia's soil. As a parent, harassed by the dissensions of her children, Virginia, "the Mother of States," is first to feel the shock of battle. Like the distracted "Graemsland" lying between the North

and South, Virginia is evidently to be the "Debatable Land."

August 4. Events crowd fast upon us. Several new companies have been formed and loved ones have gone from every home. 'I sit in the quiet hall at twilight, and listen, but in vain, for the sound of boyish laughter and song.

There was a great dinner on "The Island," and then our heroes—husbands, lovers, brothers, sons—marched away. They defiled over the bridge, their arms glittering in the sun, their flags flying, the band playing "The girl I left behind me." I am thinking of these gallant ones who have gone from us, and am sadly wondering how many will return no more, and whether, like Helen of Troy, it will be mine to exclaim—

"But two are wanting of the martial train,
Whom long mine eyes have sought, but
sought in vain.
My brothers these."

Handkerchiefs fluttered in the air as we waved our last farewell. I turned away with a burdened heart and weeping eyes. There comes to me, fraught with heavenly comfort, that quaint old Hebrew motto, "Mizpah,—the Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."

January 10, 1863. Congress passed an act December 31st, providing for West Virginia's admission into the Union, if its people ratify the amendment to the state constitution, annulling its provision that no free colored person, or slave, shall reside permanently in the state.

April 30. The state of West Virginia has at last been admitted into the Union. The debate in congress was a long and serious one. Some argued that the state could not constitutionally be admitted, there being no authority or precedent for such an act. Eastern Virginia, of course, would send no delegates to either convention, or legislature, and having no voice in the debates it was urged that she would be unjustly discriminated against. The state complied with all the demands of congress, and was admitted on the ground that it was a justifiable war measure.

On April 20, 1863, President Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring that the conditions with regard to the amending of the constitution of the state had been complied with, and that the constitution would go into force in sixty days.

Cannons are firing, troops marching, flags flying, bells ringing, men hurrahing. It is thus, after two years of deliberation, two years of war and bloodshed, that our new state is born! A state at present almost insignificant in population, but great in loyalty and devotion to the preservation of the Union.

Mr. N. was one of the first from Wheeling to join the Southern army. In a recent battle he lost his wig. He wrote his wife to forward him a new one by a friend about to be sent through the lines. Major Darr refused permission on the ground that it would be giving "aid and comfort to the enemy!" The wig yet hangs in the major's office. This is certainly a new way of adorning one's tepee with the scalp of the enemy.

Many sanitary fairs are being held in the cities. A delegation of gentlemen from Philadelphia are now in the city, asking for historic relics, many of which belong to families here — documents, swords and medals.

John D. was wounded in battle and taken to the house of a quaker, near the battle-field. On a cot in the same room with him lay a wounded Confederate soldier. He looked up and cried excitedly, "Hello, John, what brought you here?" "You did," answered D. They were cousins, reared as Virginia cousins are, to look on each other as brothers. Now this feeling is changed to deadly hostility. They are nursed by a non-combatant, a stranger, who proves to be a near relative to both.

At the battle of Blue's Gap, several of the Blues were slain. The women of the family bore their own dead from the field. Think of mother, daughter, sister, bearing such a burden! A sadder load was never borne. What a home-coming that must have been! I used to read with horror of battles between Scottish

clans, little thinking such scenes would ever be witnessed in this favored land.

It has been my lot to stand by the grave of one, a boy battling for the South, slain by his own father, a Unionist, not recognized in the smoke and heat of battle till the fatal thrust was given. Like Lamech of old did that father cry, "I have slain a man to my wounding and a young man to my hurt."

This is *civil* war!

All's quiet on the Potomac. The city is laughing over Artemus Ward's despatch on the usual message from the Potomac, "Nihil fit"—and the streets resound with the cry, "Hurrah for Nihil, the man that fit!"

July 20. The city is in a state of great excitement. John Morgan is on a raid through Kentucky and Ohio. Many members of the legislature are on a gunboat plying up and down the river to prevent his crossing. Most of the negroes left are hiding in the woods, and every one has buried his valuables.

July 30. Morgan has been captured and is safe in prison at Columbus. One of his men told me the raiders were so exhausted they would fall asleep on their horses, and in many instances would fall to the ground without being awakened.

The boys on the street are singing to the air "My Maryland,"

"John Morgan's band is on thy shore
Ohio, my Ohio.
His hand is on thy stable door,—
Ohio, my Ohio."

November 30. The measles has broken out among the soldiers. Passing through the market-house to-day, I saw stretched upon a low table a young soldier, his closed eyes, his clenched hands, and hard breathing told he was dangerously ill. I asked him what ailed him and he replied, "Madam, I'm dying, I want my mother and I can't have her." A passing ambulance was called and the poor fellow taken to the hospital, where in two days he died from measles aggravated by exposure. The warden told me a letter came telling of the death, two days before, of that mother he so longed to see. Many

of the men are dying from disease and homesickness combined.

The summer home of Mrs. S. has been confiscated. It is the finest in the city. Its furniture was bought in Paris. This house is taken for the headquarters of General John C. Fremont. It looks strange to see those beautiful rooms filled with military men.

General Fremont's family board at the hotel with Mrs. S.

To-day fifty Southern soldiers, prisoners of war, marched through the streets past the house. We all assembled on the balcony, to see them. Mrs. S. came out with her grand air, looking like a princess, and asked Major Darr if she might make a present to the prisoners.

He said, "Certainly, madam, you have my permission to do so."

Turning to her body-servant she said, "Go to the tailor's and buy each of these men a warm overcoat."

All sympathized with the half-clad, weary prisoners; but this woman, surrounded as she was with those bitterly opposed to her in sentiment, resolved, "confiscation," or "no confiscation," to embody her sympathy in an act.

Many notable persons are in the city; but of them all Mrs. Fremont is preëminently the most delightful. Her gentle, dignified manners are charming; but the trait that endears her most is the interest she takes in her friends, the real personal interest which convinces one the heart is enlisted.

In the evenings the parlors are filled with the generals and their respective staffs, the governor, members of the legislature, and citizens.

One evening General Fremont told, by request, and in a serio-comic manner, how Colonel Benton "gave him Jessie." "I'll tell you this story," he said, "as it has been told to me and as I have read it in the papers. I do not vouch for its authenticity."

The women of the city meet every day to sew, roll bandages, scrape lint, and arrange sanitary stores. Numbers are clad in mourning, and on many faces

there is a look of grief and anxiety painful to see. Thus we watch and work for our loved ones, while in the still hours of night, around the bivouac fire, from North and East and West they gather, while—

"They sing of love and not of fame;
Forgot is country's glory.
Each heart recalls a different name,
But all sing Annie Laurie."

Mrs. ——— is dead. A skirmish took place in front of her house, and a bullet, crashing through the window, killed her young baby. She died in convulsions during the battle.

December 10. Called on Mrs. D. to-day. She has been for years an invalid. Beside her on the bed was a basket of exquisite hot-house flowers. Their fragrance filled the room, while their beauty drew from my friend exclamations of admiration and delight. Attached to the basket by a rose-colored ribbon was a card, on which was written:

"Many wishes for your recovery, my dear friend.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Every few weeks a similar basket to the invalid has come from her old-time friend, the President. This thoughtfulness for one who is neither rich, nor great,—from one in Abraham Lincoln's exalted position, with all the burdens of a great nation and of a gigantic war resting upon him, shows the great soul of the man.

June 20, 1864. I have been away from home with poor Hester. Three years ago she was a rebel, and longed for civil war! Could we foresee the fulfillment of our wishes, how often would they remain unexpressed! In two weeks she was to have married an officer of the Union Army! Four days before the nuptials came news of a battle—a dreadful battle, they said; and on what was to have been her happy marriage morn, when the sun shone, the birds sang, and nature seemed rejoicing in exultant joy, they brought him home to her!

Death is always sad, but a military funeral is well-nigh too much for human hearts to bear. Can we witness such scenes, share in such grief, and not cry with an exceeding bitter cry for this "cruel war" to cease!

M. is with us; she lived in a cave in Vicksburg during the siege. The horrors of that experience seem ever present with her. At night she starts in her sleep and shrieks in terror, living over again the dreadful scenes through which she has passed.

To-day she handed me a little book, crimson with the life-blood of the gallant McPherson. This Bible was given him by his mother and worn on his breast. After his death it was found by a soldier and handed to an officer, who gave it to my friend.

September 16. After the regular play at the theatre last evening, there was announced a grand spectacular scene. The house was crowded with an eager and expectant audience, for it was understood the after-piece related to the war. The manager appeared with a long whip in his hand, and began to cry to something in the flies, "Come out, Leviathan! Come out, Crocodile! Come out, Megatherium! Come out, Ichtyosaurus!" But no attention was paid to his cries. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we have here a horrible creature, that will only respond to its own name." Turning to the flies, again he cried, "Come out, Devil!" But no devil appeared. "There is yet one name more infamous than this," said the manager, "Come out, Secesh!" Instantly there appeared crawling across the stage a most horrible monster, with horns and many short legs, some having hoofs, some claws; a dragon's wings and tail; with scales of all lurid colors covering the body. It would open its immense mouth and emit the most sickening hisses, blinking its big, dull eyes and threshing the floor with its tail.

"This monster is Secesh," said the manager, but he could go no further for the cries, "Kill it! Kill it!"

March 14, 1865. To save a nation's life and to free a race has taken the treasure of life itself.

Medals have been struck and one has come to us. It bears the inscription:

KILLED IN BATTLE.
PRESENTED BY THE
STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Into how many homes have these tokens come!

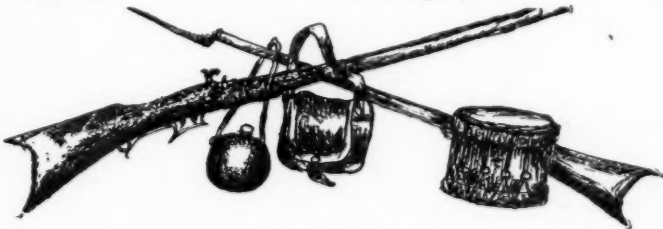
April 16. In the midst of exultant joy at the prospect of victorious peace, the nation is again laid low in grief.

Abraham Lincoln was assassinated on the fourth anniversary of the surrender of Sumter, a day he had set apart for a National Thanksgiving for the close of the war. Thus is made the crowning sacrifice of this most sacrificial war.

May the nation live to fulfill our martyred President's most noble wish, "And highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain." May a united North and South be his monument; his own grand utterance, his epitaph; his shrine, the hearts of a grateful people!

June 10. And now this cruel war is over, and we may actually look for peace once more! Peace for the nation; but, alas, for those who have suffered irretrievable heart loss! We cry, "Peace, peace; but for us there is no peace!" Can the cessation of hostilities bring back our loved and lost? Oh, no!

How many sleep on the battle-field their last, long sleep! For how many has beaten the last tattoo! How many have answered to the last roll-call! How many are "tenting to-night," not "on the old camp-ground," but on the upper fields of glory!



CHARACTERISTIC AUTOGRAPH LETTERS. II.

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By HON. CHARLES ALDRICH,
Curator of the Iowa Historical Department.

Autograph letters have become as much a matter of trade as butter and eggs. In the leading cities of this country and Europe, dealers at stated periods issue catalogues of their wares, which they send to the "fiends" or "cranks" who have become victims of the mania of collecting. It is surprising how readily a dealer in Berlin, Leipsic or Paris ascertains that a man in Chicago, Des Moines or Denver is a collector, and that "goods" can be safely sent to him "on approval." In fact, the far-away tradesman frequently puts up a lot of letters and sends them without an order, hoping to tempt the often impecunious collector to part with his last five-dollar bill for some name he has long coveted. I have known of just such instances.

In this country the letters or other manuscripts of Abraham Lincoln have appreciated in value more rapidly than those of any other American. Lincoln wrote more than any other president and signed more documents; and yet, after his death, it became difficult to obtain specimens of his writing without paying well for them. Prices are still advancing, as they will continue to advance in the future. In fact, one could not invest money in any direction where it would be surer to pay a good interest than in the purchase of a set of letters of the Presidents, especially of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Grant. I have been very fortunate in obtaining as gifts a number of letters written, as well as documents signed, by Mr. Lincoln. The Historical Department of Iowa now owns eight letters of Lincoln, all in his own characteristically plain hand-writing, for stenographers were then scarce and the type-writing machine had not been invented. In addition to these, there are as many commissions having his signature. His letters were usually

signed "A. Lincoln," but he wrote his name in full upon official documents.

Taking these letters up in the order of their dates, the most interesting, particularly to the many lawyers who read *THE MIDLAND*, is the following—presented by W. B. Means, Esq., of Boone. It was written when Mr. Lincoln evidently had but a limited law practice, and was working for a scale of prices which would not be acceptable to the county-seat lawyers of the midland region in these days. It reads:

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., Feb. 16, 1843.

C. B. SHELEDY, Esq.:

Yours of the 10th is duly received. Judge Logan and myself are doing business together now; and we are willing to attend to your cases as you propose. As to the terms, we are willing to attend each case you prepare and send us for \$10, (when there shall be no opposition,) to be sent in advance, or you to know that it is safe. It takes \$5.75 of cost to start upon, that is, \$1.75 to clerk, and \$2 to each of two publishers of papers. Judge Logan thinks it will take the balance of \$20 to carry a case through. This must be advanced from time to time as the services are performed, as the officers will not act without. I do not know whether you can be admitted an attorney of the Federal court in your absence or not; nor is it material, as the business can be done in our names. Thinking it may aid you a little, I send you one of our blank forms of Petitions. It, you will see, is framed to be sworn to before the Federal Court clerk, and, in your case, will have to be so far changed, as to be sworn to before the clerk of your Circuit Court; and his certificate must be accompanied with his official seal. The schedules, too, must be attended to. Be sure that they contain the *creditors* names, their *residences*, the amount due each, the *debtors* names, their residences, and the amount they owe, also all property and where located.

Also be sure that the schedules are signed by the applicants as well as the petition.

Publication will have to be made here in one paper, and in one nearest the residence of the applicant. Write us in each case where the last advertisement is to be sent, whether to you or to what paper.

I believe I have now said everything that can be of any advantage.

Your friend, as ever,

A. LINCOLN.

Hon. Hawkins Taylor, a member of our first Territorial Legislature, a very good man and a prominent politician of Southeastern Iowa, was an acquaintance and correspondent of Mr. Lincoln. Not

long before his death, in 1893, he presented two of Lincoln's letters to my Collection. They relate to political topics of the stirring times just preceding the great civil war, and are excellent illustrations of the great War President's lucid style and facility of expression :

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., Sept. 6, 1859.

HAWKINS TAYLOR, Esq.,

My dear Sir: Yours of the 3d is just received. There is some mistake about my expected attendance of the U. S. Court in your city on the 3d Tuesday of this month. I have had no thought of being there. It is bad to be poor. I shall go to the wall for bread and meat, if I neglect my business this year as well as last. It would please me much to see the city, and good people, of Keokuk, but for this year it is little less than an impossibility. I am constantly receiving invitations which I am compelled to decline. I was pressingly urged to go to Minnesota, and I now have two invitations to go to Ohio. These last are prompted by Douglas going there, and I am really tempted to make a flying trip to Columbus and Cincinnati.

I do hope you will have no severe troubles in Iowa. What thinks Grimes about it? I have not known him to be mistaken about an election in Iowa. Present my respects to Col. Carter and any other friends, and believe me,

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., April 21, 1860.

HAWKINS TAYLOR, Esq.,

My Dear Sir: Yours of the 15th is just received. It surprised me that you have written twice without receiving an answer. I have answered all I ever received from you, and certainly one since my return from the East.

Opinions here as to the prospect of Douglas being nominated are quite conflicting—some very confident he *will* and others that he *will not* be. I think his nomination possible, but that the chances are against him.

I am glad there is a prospect of your party passing this way to Chicago. Wishing to make your visit here as pleasant as we can, we wish you to notify us as soon as possible whether you come this way, how many, and when you will arrive.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

The letter of most importance historically, and as a consequence the most valuable, is a telegram to Horace Greeley. During the rebellion, Jacob Thompson, and some other Confederates who had wandered into Canada, wanted to return to Richmond. They communicated with Mr. Greeley, pretending that they wished to be instrumental in bringing about "peace" between the sections, and for this purpose desired to pass through the Union lines to the capital of the Confederacy. Mr. Greeley, having confidence in their professions, entered into a correspondence

with Mr. Lincoln on the subject. The clear-headed President was willing to talk about "peace," and anxious for that result, but he was unwilling to have anything to do with private and unauthorized persons, and probably he saw that "Jake" Thompson and his companions were simply playing a sharp game—"on their own hook." Several letters passed between the President and Mr. Greeley relating to the affair. The original of the accompanying telegram [see fac-simile] was kindly presented to our Iowa Collection by Hon. Robert Lincoln, at the suggestion of Hon. James Harlan, father of Mrs. Lincoln. In view of its historical importance, I regard it as the most valuable piece of writing in the State of Iowa.

When Hon. John A. Kasson was serving as First Assistant Postmaster General, four short notes by President Lincoln came into his hands from the Hon. Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General, to whom they had been addressed. These referred to appointments, and for that reason were sent to Mr. Kasson, who carefully preserved and kindly presented them to the Aldrich Collection. These letters are important, not only as specimens of Lincoln's writing, but also as showing his patient, plodding methods in the direction and dispatch of public business. Each one was evidently written in a hurry and put in the fewest possible words. One bears only the signature "Lincoln," being the only one of his letters I have seen thus signed. They all indicate that while the nation was in the throes of the most gigantic rebellion the world has ever seen the demand for postoffices knew no abatement. One of the four simply refers to a case under consideration. The other three are as follows :

EXECUTIVE MANSION, March 12, 1861.

HON. POSTMASTER GENERAL.

My dear Sir: I understand that the outgoing and incoming representatives for the Cleveland District unite in recommending Edwin Cowles for P. M. in that city; that Senator Wade has considered the case and declines to interfere, and that no other M. C. interferes. Under these circumstances, of course, I think Mr. Cowles had better be appointed.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Executive Mansion
Washington, July 15. 1864

Hon. Horace Greeley
New-York

I suppose you received my letter of the 9th. I have just received yours of the 13th - and am disappointed by it. I was not expecting you to pen me a letter, but to bring me a man, or man, Mr. Way goes to you with my answer to yours of the 13th.

A. Lincoln

EXECUTIVE MANSION, March 13, 1861.
HON. P. M. G.

Dear Sir: The bearer of this, Mr. C. T. Hempstead, is a Virginian who wishes to get, for his son, a small place in your department. I think Virginia should be heard, in such cases.

LINCOLN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, April 24, '62.
HON. POSTMASTER GENERAL.

My dear Sir: The member of Congress from the District including Tiffin, Ohio, calls on me about the Post Master at that place. I believe I turned over a despatch to you from some persons there, asking a suspension, or something of the sort. If nothing, or nothing amounting to anything, has been done, I think the suspension might now be suspended, and the Commission go forward.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

The following letter has been loaned to the Collection and is now on exhibition with the others. This letter is one of the best specimens of the chirography of President Lincoln that I have ever seen.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, August 27, 1862.
HON. W. TALCOTT.

My dear Sir: I have determined to appoint you Collector.* I now have a very special request to make of you, which is that you will make no war upon Mr. Washburn who is also my friend of longer standing than yourself. I shall even be obliged if you can do something for him if occasion presents.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

* Of the Port of Chicago.

HOME THEMES.

OLD-FASHIONED FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

BY MARY E. P. SMITH.

AMONG the old things that have passed away in these days when all things have become new, are many doubtless that are well out of the way. It was a good thing to consign them to the attics of the past and let the dust settle noiselessly over them; but there are others we could ill spare. When, as we surveyed them critically in the glaring light of these modern times, we passed upon them the verdict, "Antiquated," we scarcely realized what we were doing. First and foremost among these, ranking in importance even above the peaceful old-time Sabbath, above everything else because at the basis of everything else — our Sabbaths, our government, our growth or downfall as a nation — are the old-fashioned fathers and mothers. Fine men and women they were. Possibly they wielded the rod too often; possibly they caressed too seldom; but, after all, unpleasant as the strokes of the former may have seemed at the time to the recipient, these were but trifles, when with them went the stern discipline, the instilling of principles of obedience and self-control, the belief that labor is not degrading, and that the children are the subjects, not the sovereigns. For the past six years my life has been passed largely with young girls and I have come to the conclusion that numbers of them show the

absence and the need of the old-time training. I would not decry in the least the girls of the present day. As I run over in my mind those of my acquaintances, I can truthfully say that most of them are bright, lovable, attractive in various ways; but "summer and winter" with many of them, note their goings-out, and their comings-in, and you will find that the brightness of the brightest grows wearisome and the loveliness of the most lovable fades, when accompanied by ignorance of the quiet, everyday, day-after-day, doing of duty.

A beautiful woman was heard to say the other day, "Don't talk to me of duty, I hate the very sound of the word. It is old-fashioned — obsolete." I suppose it is old. It dates back to the first home, and to the first mother, who undoubtedly found many things to do which were not exactly what she would have chosen for her own pleasure. But it is a pity that any should think it out of fashion. The word has a pleasant sound, with something of the ring of martial music, and the march of soldiers, and the trumpet strains of victory. The world will hardly be better off when a dictionary is issued in which the word "duty" is written "obsolete."

The trouble began a generation or two back. It was the reaction from the old

strictness and severity. Parents began to say, "There was not enough sunshine in our childhood. We will turn over a new leaf and let the children enjoy themselves while they may. They can never be young but once." And so the reign of the parents was over and the reign of the children began. Is it not time for the pendulum to swing back, at least, part way?

I can but smile at the picture that presents itself just now of the transformation that would be wrought in many a home I know, if this were the case; if a revolution were to take place and the crowns were to be taken from the youthful brows and placed above the careworn faces of those who have gained experience on life's battle-fields. It would seem strange at first, I am thinking, to the little dethroned kings and queens, and there would be some tears shed over the tasks given, and some surprise when neglected duty should bring its penalty, and not a few stones would need to be removed before the wheels rolled smoothly into the new ruts. But what a blessed relief when the results were at last accomplished!

That many parents of to-day fail in systematic training for life's work has been brought forcibly to my notice of late. Of a dozen or more sixteen-year-old girls whose daily life I have noted for the past year, but one, and that one from a staid Quaker home, has shown that she fully realizes the earnestness of life and the value of life's moments. Only that one?—No—as I write I recall one other, a sweet-faced girl, who had learned self-control and womanliness in one of the good old-fashioned families of ten boys and girls, and I modify my first statement in her favor,—only these two have learned to associate the thoughts of duty and daily life. Most of them are clever, pretty girls—our American girls are usually pretty—but aimless, thoughtless, unstable. Taken away from the mother-care that had smoothed every difficulty, they were at sea and merely drifted.

If rooms were neglected and lost all traces of dainty order, inquiry brought the

answer that "mother kept things in order at home." If rents were unattended and stockings undarned, "why, mother always did it at home; she said it was easier than to show us how."

Perhaps one of these girls is a fair specimen of the rest. I draw her picture with all possible kindness, though I do not want to flatter any. She is impatient of restraint because unused to it. She has not the slightest idea of self-control, although it is one of the most important lessons that a woman has to learn. She is kind—when she remembers to be. She has always enjoyed liberty and the pursuit of happiness, in its broadest sense, has gotten up and gone to bed, visited and played, worked and studied, when it pleased her; has chosen her own books and her own companions. But of all that goes to make a true, good woman, she has but faint conception.

Oh, over indulgent mothers, who tenderly love your daughters, is there not a better way than the one you are pursuing?

I contrast this picture with one of the maidens of long ago, a little girl of sixteen, with no thought of lovers, deft-handed and helpful, modest and reserved, having a pure heart and a healthy nature in a healthy body. Do not understand me to say that I think this class has entirely disappeared. There are left those who are all, and more than I have pictured.

It is a sad fact but a true one, that our home life as a people is declining. The reason for this is manifest. Our girls contend for a "higher education" which too often is nothing but a name; they clamor for what they consider their place in the world, and they fill their minds and hearts and hands and lives so full of worldly trifles that they enter the home with no thought of fulfilling its sacred, beautiful duties. If there is one prayer above another that I feel like uttering, and uttering from the very depths of my heart, it is: God bless the girls of our land, and send us, even though a miracle must needs be wrought to bring it about, another generation of old-fashioned fathers and mothers!

THROUGH BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

THE NETHERLANDS OF HISTORY AND ART — DIKE-PROTECTED HOLLAND —
WAR-CURSED MAASTRICHT.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. VI.

THE Netherlands ! What floods of historic association overwhelm the mind at the mention of the name ! Old Antwerp,—the Anvers of French and Spanish history, the Antwerpen of the Dutch,—when not associated with Van Eyck, Rubens, Van Dyck and Teniers, and their respective schools of art, brings to the mind a confused recollection of early Flemish enterprise encircling the known world ; of French treachery and Spanish cruelty ; of tragic sieges, in which starvation did the work that Flemish bravery prevented the sword and torch from executing ; of battle, murder and sudden death and all things from which Christians pray to be delivered.

But especially of Holland would I now speak. My thought reverts to Maastricht the chief city between Antwerp and Aix la Chapelle, a typical city of the interior of Holland, in that it is full of historic interest and yet refuses to live in the past, preferring to "act in the living present." The Hollander is not content with pointing out his country's old cathedrals, towers and towns. He prefers to talk of the dikes, one of the seven wonders of the modern world by means of which his people have rescued from the sea a kingdom unsurpassed in fertility as in prosperity, and have turned the obstacles in the way of their earlier progress into actual blessings.

As we travel on through this little kingdom by the sea, it is hard to realize that but for the dikes which form the outer rim of Holland, the greater part of the country would be under water, and all this prosperity would be swept into the German ocean. Think of the energy and perseverance with which the hardy Hollanders of old undertook not alone the protection of the lowlands from the sea, but also

the building of these great elevated canals which everywhere in Holland serve the double purpose of transportation and irrigation ;—yes, a triple purpose, for when the lowlands are flooded and are too wet, then the giant windmills, with the wind's help, are made to pump the water up and deposit it in the canals, which in their turn carry it to the ocean.

The afternoon trip from Antwerp to Aix, via Maastricht, on a bright spring day, is accompanied by a succession of agreeable sensations, especially to the stranger in Belgium and Holland. The bright green of the fields, the rich brown of the trees, the evident thrift and cleanliness of both town and country, the winding roads, the tree-planted roadsides, the elevated canals, the long, narrow dwellings of white cement and red brick with tiled roofs, the quaint churches and towers, the gigantic windmills, and, more interesting than all else, the quaint and curious people, unite to make the journey all too short.

We fly through Lierre, with its 17,500 people, its silk factories and its Church of St. Gommarius. This church is quite modern, having been begun a few years — a little matter of sixty—before Columbus discovered America !

We stop at Aeschot on the Demer river which town, we are told, enjoys a fifteenth century church with an altar piece by de Crayer. Along the Demer we uncere-moneously pass the twelfth century abbey of Averbode, in the little village of Testelt, an ancient tower in Sichem ; and Diest with her breweries and her Gothic church of St. Sulpice which contains the remains of Philip of Nassau, who—early in the seventeenth century—was quite a Philip in his day. We halt at Hasselt where only yesterday,—that is, on the

6th of August, 1831,—the Dutch took Holland, or at least prevented the Belgians from taking it. Flying through station after station locally important, but having no connecting lines, we finally reach the history-suggesting Maastricht. Speaking of churches, this city outranks all its neighbors! Its church of St. Servatius has an unquestioned record from the year 560, when it was founded by Bishop Monulphus. All that remains of the bishop's work is the crypt, rediscovered twelve years ago. The church's ornate west portion, in Romanesque style, is of the twelfth century. Its interior contains a "Descent from the Cross," by Van Wyck.

We look down into the valley of the Geul, and promise ourselves a visit to the picturesque little village of Valkenburg, or Foulkemont, with its Romanesque church, ruined castle and city gates. At Simpelfeld we note the Dutch custom house, at which point uniformed officials appear, content with chiefly looking wise at pasengers and baggage.

But I was speaking of Maastricht. As we near it by a circuitous route, we are impressed with its thrift and the dignity of its bearing. It looks soberly conscious of its history and of its successful fight against the purpose of its old-time enemies to rob it of everything but its history. It is the capital of the Dutch portion of the province of Limbourg and lies upon the left bank of the Maas, or Meuse river. A bridge more than three hundred years old here crosses the river. The gracefully curved arches supporting it delight the eye at every range of vision.

As the city's name implies, it is a ford, and, as has been discovered, it was the upper ford used by the Romans.

More than four hundred years ago the blood-thirsty Spaniards for four months cooped up one thousand two hundred soldiers and eight thousand inhabitants within the walls of Maastricht; and when starvation compelled the besieged to yield, for three whole days they wreaked their vengeance upon their victims, putting nearly all to death. In 1632, the

town sustained another siege, by Prince Frederick Henry of Orange; in 1673 another, by Louis XIV of France; in 1748 another, by the French Marshal Saxe; and in 1794 still another, by General Kleber. Even down to 1830, which in Europe is but yesterday, the dwellings in the Maas valley were about the only ones in the Southern Netherlands to withstand the Belgian insurgents. But the fortress and walled city of other days have been removed,—welcome evidence that the era of sieges is over,—and the towering smoke-stacks and church-spires tell us that the descendants of Maastricht's brave burghers are a busy, church-going people emancipated from the ever-present fear of attack which gave a tragic intensity to life in this valley in other years.

At 5:15 we give a prolonged whistle announcing to Aix la Chapelle that we are coming. Looking out, we see upon our left a long elevated roadway lined with poplar trees, and between the trees we get glimpses of a veritable mountain. To the hillside clings a large school building surmounted with a cross. To the left we see a beautiful valley, and on beyond a wooded hill, and the space between is dotted with houses, and belted with tree-fringed roads. While we are looking, the city surrounds us and we are taken prisoners—willing prisoners, however, for we are weary of our long going, and most of all want rest.

Confident of meeting vice-Consul Bert-ram at Aix, as per telegraphic appointment, we had taken no thought of our arrival—what we should do or say, or wherewithal we should be fed and lodged. But the telegram had not arrived, and, with a limited and long-unused stock of German words at our command, we succeed, somehow, in grasping the meaning of a custom-house official, and producing our keys we open our trunks for his hasty inspection. We are driven to the Hotel du Grand Monarque, home of the Belgian King while in Aix, and are made at home in two elegant, old-fashioned rooms, looking out upon a tiled court.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

MR. CHARLES EUGENE BANKS, whose beautiful and artistically illustrated poem, "Alone," was a marked feature of the June MIDLAND, has resigned his associate editorship of the *Banner of Gold*, Chicago, and will devote himself to literature and the lecture field.

* * *

THE most interesting feature of Dr. Albert Shaw's showing, in the July *Century*, of what German municipalities are doing to further the interests in their keeping, is that which describes Berlin's successful experiment with sewage-farms. Instead of letting the rich sewage of the city run to waste, Berlin's sewerage system provides for a deposit of the outflow upon the several sewage farms owned by the city and lying a short distance below the city. The land purchased by the authorities, though originally poor, is becoming extraordinarily fertile, yielding large crops of choice fruit and vegetables. The sewage farms, only a few years old, are already yielding large returns and promise to become immensely profitable. Here is a theme rich in suggestion to city fathers of a practical turn of mind.

* * *

NEXT to the gigantic blunder of Mr. Debs, in urging a general strike, and of Mr. Sovereign in requesting it, for the avowed purpose of coercing the country into active participation with them in a boycott against the Pullman Car Company, their most egregious and criminal blunder was in protesting against President Cleveland's wise and patriotic course in ordering out troops to protect government property and to break the blockade of the mails. Their unpatriotic protest fitted so ill with their assurance of desire to prevent lawlessness, that all law-abiding men lost confidence in their sincerity.

* * *

"ARBITRATION" is the happy medium to which minds confused by recent events are resorting for soul-rest. But many are mistaking this limited measure of relief

for a general cure-all, insisting on compulsory arbitration between conflicting interests, when in the very nature of the term, and of the conditions from which the term as used had its origin, there can be no such thing as compulsory arbitration. The very essence of arbitration is the voluntariness of the parties to the submission of the case to outside parties. President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, clearly saw this point until the recent confusion of interests turned his head in another direction. He also saw in the proposed misnomer, compulsory arbitration, a menace to labor. In Mr. Stead's talk with Mr. Gompers, in the July *Review of Reviews*, the chief executive of the Federation is quoted as unable to see in legal compulsion to arbitrate any means by which labor would be benefited. He says it would prove "an instrumentality that might react dangerously against the progress of organized labor." With this fear on the side that clamors for it and positive distrust on the other side, what reason have we to expect anything but failure from the be-all and end-all of the Debs and Sovereign propaganda!

* * *

WHILE commissioners of labor statistics in other states are massing armies of figures in columns, and making no further use of them, Iowa's commissioner is pioneering the way to a utilization of his position for the actual and immediate good of the state, and the betterment of the laboring man. Mr. O'Brien cannot in his term of office do much more than establish his proposed Free Employment Bureau, outlined by him in the July MIDLAND; but that will have been well worth the extra work and expense voluntarily incurred by him. Mr. O'Brien has an idea that should be wrought out. His ways may not be the best ways; but the very mistakes he must inevitably make at the outset are likely to point his successors in the way that they should go.

County auditors and all other citizens should to the extent of their ability and opportunities coöperate with the Commissioner in the development of his Free Employment Bureau.

* * *

How large a percentage of MIDLAND readers discovered the editor's mistake, in the July number,—that of confounding Saul with Absalom in his allusion to Dr. John Hall's height? The great moral lesson to the majority who didn't discover the mistake is a timely one: Implicitly follow blind guides, and you're sure to get ditched.

* * *

ARTEMUS WARD admitted that once upon a time he "undertook to do too much—and did it." Every now and then some would-be regulator of wheat, or corn, or cotton, or railroad stocks, or employé's wages attempts the same thing, and all too well succeeds.

* * *

THE leading article in the July *Paper and Press*, Philadelphia, is an extremely interesting description of the Government Printing Office, by Hon. S. R. Davis, a well-known MIDLAND contributor, whose portrait graces this number. Judge Davis, having retired from the bench in the city of Creston, has entered Washington journalism, and has undertaken several commissions for magazine work.

* * *

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY has made a hit with its hitherto unpublished letters of James Russell Lowell to Edgar Allan Poe, which are announced to appear in the forthcoming August number. The letters promise to throw a flood of light upon the self-darkened life of America's greatest and most disappointing literary genius.

* * *

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER says she is "unalterably opposed to woman suffrage." Mrs. Beecher is nearing eighty, and men and women rarely change their ways after passing threescore-and-ten. But, men and women in early or middle life should be chary of applying the term

"unalterable" to any present frame of mind; for, in a world distinctively one of change, the most which the firmest or stubbornest of us can with certainty declare is our present judgment on passing themes and events.

* * *

MRS. MARY J. REID, of St. Paul, whose thoughtful critique on James Whitcomb Riley appeared in the July MIDLAND, has a contribution to the forthcoming *Book Buyer*. Mrs. Reid is also engaged upon a sketch of Octave Thanet for a Fall number of THE MIDLAND.

* * *

MONA CAIRD, the English woman with views, whose refined free-love-ism and unrefined masculine-woman-ism, uttered a few years ago in one of the leading London reviews, is percolating through much of the English fiction of the day—and, alas! American fiction, too,—has been interviewed by a representative of the Boston *Herald*. The most gratifying utterance drawn from Mona Caird in the interview is this: "I had no such vaulting ambition as to seek to accomplish what you describe as the 'social elimination of the male.' I must leave that drastic measure, should it unfortunately prove necessary, to my successors in a more advanced generation." This is doubly gratifying; first, in that the social elimination of the male sex is postponed until after our day; and again, in that something is going to be left for the next generation of social reformers to do.

* * *

THE MIDLAND makes tardy acknowledgement of the artistic pen-drawings by Miss Emily Maguire, of LeMars, from which were made the engravings illustrating the prize story, "Liz." Miss Maguire is an original artist educated in the best English schools, and her work must ultimately win general recognition.

* * *

PROFESSOR LEONARD F. PARKER, of Iowa College, Grinnell, has published a pamphlet, one of the series on "American Educational History," entitled "Higher Education in Iowa."

"Is VERSE in danger?" asks Edward Gosse. "Will anyone who has anything of importance to communicate be likely in the future to express it through the medium of metrical language?" He repeats with the amplification of a man who has his answer ready: "Poetry, if it exist at all, will deal, and probably to a greater degree than ever before, with those more frail and ephemeral shades of emotion which prose scarcely ventures to describe. . . . The most realistic novel, the closest psychological analysis in prose does no more than skim the surface of the soul; verse has the privilege of descending into its depths. In the future lyrical poetry . . . will interpret what prose dares not suggest. It will penetrate further into the complexity of human sensations, and, untroubled by the necessity of formulating a creed, a theory, or a story, will describe with delicate accuracy and under a veil of artistic beauty the amazing, the unfamiliar, and even the portentous phenomena which it encounters."

* * *

MR. ANDREW LANG is held up to the gaze of the American student of literature as the exponent of all that is clean and worthy of imitation in the modern school of English literature, the school that has succeeded Thackeray and Dickens, Bulwer and D'Israeli. But Andrew Lang, with all his cleverness and erudition, has written much that is soon forgotten, much that does not rise above the plane of literary small-talk. The latest of Mr. Lang's contributions to the enjoyment of his admirers is "The Worst Kind of Tattle," in the Illustrated London News of a recent date. Beginning with the startling remark that "to indulge in virtuous indignation is bad for the moral character," this author proceeded to forgive himself for becoming righteously indignant because Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson has given the world a "Book of Recollections," in which the author has remembered those things he should have forgotten and forgotten nothing, unless it be to tell the whole truth at all times. It

is found on examination that Mr. Jeaffreson's sin is tattling—the reviving of the stale jokes and forgotten quarrels of the clubs and of literary coteries. There is a better way than advertising a tattler's book into notoriety and that is, letting it alone. The wild western way of treating literary snobs and gossips, that of letting them severely alone, seems not to commend itself to the wordy Mr. Lang. A minor note of praise recently sounded by one of Mr. Lang's admirers was on the author's correct, classic English. The point is well taken, and we might well study his ingenious mastering of the difficulties in the way of saying smart things smartly and wise things well. But even Andrew Lang at times lets slip the wrong word, as for instance, in the following: "I do not now remember that Mr. Dickens ever published a line of praise of Mr. Thackeray in that author's lifetime. Perhaps he did, I *hope* he did." Now Mr. Lang might hope someone would yet find that he did; but could hardly hope for anything so hopelessly past, as the unrecorded saying of one who is dead. Hope never looks behind, not even when Mr. Lang invites her to turn her face from the future.

* * *

MANY think of Alaska as without financial resources. Col. Keatley's visit to the Gold Fields of Alaska, to be described in the September MIDLAND, will correct that impression.

* * *

MAJOR S. H. M. BYERS, whose stories, "The Last Man of the Regiment," and "In the Time of the Cholera," are vividly recalled by readers of the MIDLAND, has a paper in the forthcoming number of *McClure's Magazine*, giving his personal reminiscences of General Sherman. It cannot be otherwise than interesting.

* * *

THE *Hesperian*, edited by Alexander N. De Merrill, is a new literary magazine published in St. Louis. It appears as a quarterly. It contains thirty-seven pages filled with choice literature and bright editorial paragraphs.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CONTEMPORARY FRENCH WRITERS, by Mlle. Rosine Melle; Ginn & Co., Publishers, Boston.

In this attractive little volume just issued, American readers interested in French literature receive a valuable acquisition to the library. To those who read French with considerable facility, but are still unfamiliar with its current literature, it is a welcome aid. It gives in English a brief but comprehensive sketch of the prominent French authors appearing in the latter half of the present century—the career of each, and his special province. These sketches are accompanied in many cases by a number of choice and characteristic selections from the author, in the original French.

Mademoiselle Melle brings to her task a mind trained in this special direction, and a clear and entertaining style.

In her introduction it is shown how the French literature of to-day is the result of the natural evolution in this line of the general materialistic tendency of the age. The culminating point of this development in literature was reached about 1885, in the works of Zola, when a reaction set in, and the psychological novel, with Paul Bourget at its head, appeared and won its share of influence. It established a new school, and its tendency is to counteract the influence of the naturalistic toward materialism and pessimism.

Tracing in logical order the naturalistic evolution in French literature, to Balzac is ascribed the honor of being the precursor of the modern novel. Stendhal is named with him in the same connection. Flaubert and the brothers Goncourt establish it on sure footing, as its fathers, while Zola follows on as chief and apostle of naturalism. The genius of Balzac opened up the field, and truly the works of his genius must always stand unrivalled. The artistic finish of Flaubert deepened and polished the new lines. The brothers Goncourt followed worthily, and Zola with the broad vigorous masterful strokes of his brush worked up to a powerful culmination.

Alphonse Daudet and Guy de Maupassant are to some extent disciples of Flaubert and Goncourt. In their individualities, we have in Daudet the florid imagination and the glowing love of picturesque life characterizing the southern temperament of sunny Provence. Guy de Maupassant stands by himself—he is

a man writing for humanity—skeptical, epicurean, finding nature cruel and death the end.

Pierre Loti, rising like a rocket into literary fame, through his brilliant gifts and original bent, belongs to no school. He is original, vivid, sensuous—sometimes incomplete.

Ernest Renan stands at the front. *Renanism* means intellectual and refined culture, the perfection of elegant skepticism. He had tender sympathy for "religious illusions." A refined French writer says: "He thinks like a man, feels like a woman and acts like a child."

Maurice Barrés elaborates out of Renanism a species of dilettanteism which through the charm of his artistic prose wields a powerful influence over young France.

The "Chroniqueurs," with their airy grace, versatility and volatility, finish the list, in serving up the "topics of the day" like the daintiest dessert, the aromatic black coffee, the coolest sherbet, the fragrance of a rose-scented breeze.

After this introduction, Mlle. Melle brings the authors themselves on the scene.

As philosophers, she gives us Taine and Renan.

Hippolyte Taine shows himself a disciple of St. Beuve. His style is acute, brilliant, critical, pure and correct. Americans know him well through the translation of his History of English Literature, always a standard. The examples given in French of his style are "Venice" and "Leonardo da Vinci." The latter gives exquisitely the description of the great master's power in painting that subtle, hidden expression in the faces of his women, which holds and captivates the beholder, and yields its secrets fitfully and vaguely after repeatedly returning to its study.

Ernest Renan, the linguist, the elegant and finished critic, seems a complex character. Politics, religion, literature, all were in his range. "If he seems lacking in candor, it is from the very strength of his candor," said a critic. His "Life of Christ" stirred the hostility of the world. But he wrote in unlimited freedom. He described scenery, books, character, in few words, but effectively, like an artist with his brush. The selections of his style given by Mlle. Melle are "My Sister Henriette" and "The Martyrdom of St. Blandine."

II. NATURALISTS.

From Gustave Flaubert, we have "The Veil of Tanet." Mätho finds his way into the temple of Tanet, deity of Carthage, and near the couch of Hamilcar's daughter, Salammbô, whom he passionately loves, steals the sacred veil of the deity. Effecting his escape, he thus robs Carthage of the sacred protection of the gods. The play of imagination in this piece is unsurpassed.

From Goncourt is selected "Birth and death of Renée Maupérin."

"A vestige of life, a last breath trembled on the lips—half open, smiling, fallen asleep. A silvery pallor diffused itself under the skin, giving to her brow a dull splendor. One had said she touched already with her head another dawn than ours. Death came like a light. It is the transfiguration of the sickness of the heart which shrouds the dying in the beauty of their souls and lifts to heaven the faces of the youthful dead."

Of Emile Zola, Jules Lemaitre says, "Zola has something of Michael Angelo. His figures make one think of the frescoes of 'The Last Judgment.'" Mlle. Mellé has chosen well from "La Débâcle," to substantiate this tribute. Henriette's seeking and finding her husband under fire of the Bavarians in the Franco-German war, could indeed melt ice and move a stone to tears.

Of Guy de Maupassant, Jules Lemaitre said at the end of his article on M —, "My dear M — what shall I say of you; You are *perfect*, and strong as a Turk."

III. PSYCHOLOGISTS.

Paul Bourget, fills well the rôle of Apostle of Culture. As the outcome of his essays on psychology, come his dramas of conscience, moral scruple, remorse, repentance, expiation, purification.

IV. IDEALISTS AND INDEPENDENTS.

Alexander Dumas, Son, is well known through the "Lady of the Camelias," a typical example of his greatest literary strength.

Octave Feuillet's "Romance of a Poor Young Man," is the most widely read and admired of his many beautiful productions.

The spontaneity and originality of Pierre Loti (Julien Viani), took the reading public by storm, and holds it captive. The "Pêcheurs d'Islande," is one of his most fascinating novels. His literary genius, awakening in visiting different lands as officer in the French navy, with his style in describing them, is peculiarly captivating.

V. CRITICS AND JOURNALISTS.

Jules Lemaitre is one of the finest literary critics of the age, and made himself first famous by his articles on Renan and Zola. He is in the lead of a new school of criticism.

Anatole France, novelist, critic, poet and scholar, charms by the elegance, tenderness and wit of his exquisite language.

The name of Paul Arène is known to many Americans, as poet, journalist, writer.

France is indeed rich in her literature.

MARGARET BYERS.

* * *

"Burg Neideck,"* one of the brief and charming novels of Wilhelm Heinrich Riehl, has been edited and equipped with fitting notes for American readers, by Professor Charles Bundy Wilson, who fills the chair of Modern Languages and Literature, in the State University of Iowa. The introduction gives us an entertaining sketch of Riehl and the line in which he has attained distinction, with copious extracts from him in the original German. To a criticism on the brevity of his stories, he responded "that the stories were not too short,—they were only too quickly read. Only read them slowly and they will grow longer." Judging by Burg Neideck, which is a perfect picture, his defense of brevity is well made. Riehl was within the influence of Gottfried Kinkel at Bonn; he was the intimate companion of Victor Scheffel, and the poet Geibel; he is the friend of Paul Heyse. He is a Rheinländer, from which standpoint we feel the meaning of his words: "On the Rhine no scenery passes for a proper landscape, if there be not, somewhere in the background at least, an old castle to be seen."

We have in "Burg Neideck," a scene laid on the waters of the Rhine, in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The style is simple, pure, captivating. In truth, the German language, in the hands of a master, admits of this to an astonishing degree. It takes hold of our hearts. The characters are delineated, or rather appear, after the manner of Riehl, true to the time, the customs and the atmosphere to which they belong. Though so-called historic novels, his writings in no way encroach upon or modify the fixed facts and characters of history. They are invented characters which have history for a background and setting.

The schoolmaster in "Burg Neideck," whose life is inwoven in the history of the

*Publishers, Ginn & Co., Boston.

old castle, might call up before us the outward picture of Jung Stilling in his youth. In his ideal work of preserving to all time the picturesque and historic ruin whose rocky towers are outlined against the sky, he wins our love by his very innocence and inexperience. The princess, Isabelle, looks up at these towers of her ancestors from the broad terrace of her father's Renaissance palace in the residence city, sighs for very weariness, and longs for the wings of a bird, to fly up and away from etiquette and tedium to nature and freedom. For wearisomeness is the hunger of the great, though hunger be the wearisomeness of the lowly. The question with her was, which was more agonizing,—a prison window which looks out upon high walls or a prison window with the most beautiful distant view. The one says to us hourly that we are imprisoned,—the other that we cannot get out.

A happy climax is reached on the castle height itself, with the schoolmaster and Isabelle and her lover as the principal figures, and a prediction is fulfilled thereby that a woman should at last bring joy to the castle.

MARGARET BYERS.

* * *

Mabel Osgood Wright presents to lovers of out-door life an attractive little book, entitled "The Friendship of Nature."* It is, as its sub-title announces, a chronicle of New England birds and flowers. But New England cannot claim as her exclusive possession the flowers which everywhere greet the eye in every state of the union from Maine to California. We, too, lay claim to the loud chirp of the robin, to the rich full note of the blue-bird, to the splendid woodpecker, with his dramatic stroke of bill, and to the gorgeous oriole, with its rich outflow of melody. A dainty pair of wrens are flying about the home built for their occupancy above THE MIDLAND editor's porch, and his awakening every bright morning is at Mr. Wren's sweet, yet emphatic bidding. We have no bobolink swinging upon the reeds and tall grass, but the wood-thrush and the meadow-lark and a host of other out-door joys are with us. The greedy chirp of the sparrow, and the fierce alarm of the piratical blue-jay are also here to modify our joy in the birds of woodland and meadow and keep the spirit of the out door midlander from becoming proud. And when we stop to think of our midland wealth of flowers, to have lived a lifetime and

not to have seen our prairies in spring, aglow with color and gleaming with dew, is to have missed a glimpse of heaven while here on the earth. But this is not noting the merits of the little work before us,—a prettily illustrated book containing eleven chapters, or papers, on themes suggested by the field, the wood and the garden—a healthful, restful book.

* * *

Quite otherwise is "The Wings of Icarus,"* by Lawrence Alma Tadema, a book which is all too intensely interesting, because touching the secret springs of emotion and forcing them to quiver under the touch. This book purports to be the life of one Emilia Fletcher as revealed by herself in thirty-five letters, a fragmentary finale and a postscript. The opening letters are charmingly idyllic, fragrant of rural England and delicious in the little confidences which a woman gives to her soul friend. The heroine is happy roaming in fields and woods,—happy in the happiness sunshine can lay atop of the greatest sorrow. But, one day, Gabriel Norton, an idle poet, comes into her life and then she was happy in a degree too intense to last. Then comes an avowal, an engagement to marry with a condition of withdrawal from the marriage state at will. The Constance to whom the letters are written finally comes to Gragsmill on invitation, and, being unhappily married herself and separated from her husband, her unsatisfied heart unconsciously attracts the sentimental Gabriel. Matilda awakens from her dream and finds her lover's love transferred. She at first is jealous; then self-renunciatory; but in a moment of weakness she withholds her words of renunciation and they are married. They go to Italy, she bearing the expenses, for he is poet-poor. In time it becomes evident to both that they do not love. They return to Constance, and the inevitable all-around awakening comes; Gabriel is prevented from suicide by his wife's appearance on the scene; but Constance is more successful. The after-fate of this doubly bereft woman is left a blank—as well it might be. Thus, in modern life, the old Icarian fable finds tragic illustration. If we are to have purpose-novels, novels with a moral, for humanity's sake give us fiction that puts new heart into life, at least that which will not take from life all heart of hope, all joy in love!

* * *

The average American reader of English verse and English criticism has an impression of Francis Jeffrey, founder of the Edinburgh Review, as a sort of literary

*Macmillan & Co., New York.

*The Friendship of Nature: A New England Chronicle of Birds and Flowers. Macmillan & Co., New York. 75c.

Bluebeard, who delighted in nothing more than in cutting off the heads of men of genius, such as Byron, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. But Jeffrey was a great critic notwithstanding his antipathy to the Lake poets and other verse-makers whom the world persists in liking, despite all the true and untrue things said against them in the *Edinburgh Review*. His estimate of Scott as a poet has never been surpassed in justness of praise. The Jeffreys of criticism belong to the past—dogmatic, autocratic. But there is a strange delight in reading, for a change, the oracular utterances of a Jeffrey, or a Johnson. The editor of the book before us, Professor Gates, speaks of Jeffrey as "one of the choicest spirits of this chosen aristocracy of critics"; but it would have been historically correct to have named him king among the literary men of his era, against whom the rebels fought in vain. In his essay on "Lady of the Lake," Jeffrey thus sets himself and his associate critics apart for the work: "a few persons, entirely qualified, by natural sensibility and long experience and reflection, to perceive all beauties that do really exist, as well as to settle the relative value and importance of all the different sorts of beauty." Well, the least one can say after reading "Selections from the Essays of Francis Jeffrey, with introduction and notes by Lewis H. Gates, of Harvard University,"* is that the man has "proved it." Few critics have ever written with such rare insight as is evinced by this man—England's first great critic. America has developed but one critic who can rank with Jeffrey. But Lowell is greater than Jeffrey in that he was emancipated from literary prejudice and always wrote in rare good temper; while Jeffrey sometimes wrote to kill. Professor Gates' introduction is admirably worded and his selections and notes are all that any busy reader could wish. They convey a strong impression of the power that once lorded it over the literary world, putting down rebellions that wouldn't stay down and consigning to oblivion rebels who refused to be thus consigned.

"The Happy Isles and Other Poems," by S. H. M. Byers, was issued years ago, and at the time elicited from America's best critics strong words of commendation. One reviewer condensed much in their praise into the single sentence, "These poems really sing." Oliver Wendell Holmes in a letter to the author expressing his pleasure on reading the poems, said: "I have found my eyes moistened

on reading 'Baby Helene'; I felt my patriotism stirred by 'Sherman's March to the Sea', and my sentiment warmed by 'Jamie's Coming O'er the Moor.'" The sympathetic soul still recognizes the kinship of those who suffer, as the melody of "Baby Helene," or of the concluding lines of "The Happy Isles," fall upon the ear. They who have loved recognize the touch of nature in "Philip," "The Ballad of Quintin Massy," and other romantic verse. But the new edition,* just out, is richest in the addition of two somewhat lengthy patriotic poems, the contribution of Iowa's foremost poet in celebration of his State's part in the Columbian Exposition; one of the poems read on the opening of the Iowa Building and the other on Iowa Day at the Fair. In the first named, "The Ballad of Columbus," the death of the great discoverer is thus pictured with an artist's touch:—

Slow tolled the bells of old Seville town,
At noon of a summer day;
For up in a chamber of yonder inn,
Close by the street, with its noise and din,
The heart of the New World lay.

The exalted strain of "A Centennial Ode" is sustained to the last. The closing words are:

Land of the West—our Fatherland!
We bow and greet thee here at sea;
We bow our heads and meekly stand,
And pray that God in his right hand
May ever keep thee great and free,
May ever keep thee great, and when
The oppressed shall cry for liberty,
Thy stars and stripes shall answer then:
Lo! here, all men, all men are free!

Mrs. Jennie L. Wilson, an Iowa woman, has done a substantial service to women by the publication of a book of her own careful and reliable compiling, entitled "Legal Status of Women In Iowa." Mrs. Wilson is an "LL. B." of the State University and a member of the Polk county bar. Her success in law has been achieved by her own vigorous ability united with good sense and patient, persistent industry, and that, too, without any sacrifice of gentle womanly modesty and dignity. Her work speaks for itself, commanding the unqualified approbation of Chancellor McClain, Judge Kinne and others learned in the law. It presents in about eighty pages, with index and references, a digest of all Iowa statutes pertaining to subjects in which women are interested. The work includes a synopsis of the common law and chapters on marriage, property rights of married women, marriage annulment, minors' rights, adoption of children, wills, the

*"The Happy Isles and Other Poems," by S. H. M. Byers. Charles L. Webster & Co., Publishers. \$1.00. L. B. Abdlil, Des Moines.

*Ginn & Company, Boston, Publishers.

settlement of estates, household and other exemptions, criminal law, miscellaneous provisions, and a thoughtful and well-written conclusion of the whole matter. The work is neatly printed by the Iowa Printing Company, and can be obtained by direct address, from the author.

* * *

The strangest of modern books that reach out after the new and strange is "The Flower of Forgiveness,"* by Flora Annie Steel, a book with a touch of Kiplingism but without the bold genius and brutal naturalness of Kipling. It is an East Indian tale, too realistic to be allegory and too suggestive of hidden meaning to be real. It is crude, disconnected, revealing an abundance of choice new material waiting for the master-builder.

* * *

The phrase "enjoyable though healthful" might with truth be applied to Mrs. Sarah M. H. Gardner's little book entitled "Quaker Idyls."†

It is a rare pleasure, nowadays, to make the acquaintance of an author who has something pleasurable to offer without insistence upon taking the reader over the line upon forbidden ground, or even upon debatable ground. This book includes a happy grouping of pictures taken from life among the Quakers. The choicest picture in the book is drawn in the ante-bellum letters from a Quaker girl. These letters from a dutiful and confiding daughter to a devoted mother chronicle with charming simplicity the girl's impressions of Boston society and tell with refreshing frankness of her awakening to the discovery that she possesses a heart. The contrast between the simple yet strong character of the pretty young Quakeress and the worldly-

minded but high-souled young Harvard student is pictured with a delicacy and modesty delightful in these days of mannish women in literature.

* * *

♫ In striking contrast with "Quaker Idyls" is "The Fortunes of Margaret Weld."*

It is by the same author, but one is as widely different from the other as two books could well be. Not until we read the concluding chapters of "Margaret Weld" are we reconciled to the book's existence. It describes a charming woman lacking in common sense, but painfully possessed of uncommon sense, who sentimentally renounces a fortune and, failing to find her sphere as a woman alone in the world, coolly, without love, accepts an offer of literary companionship and foreign travel from a heartless professor who would utilize her intellectual gifts in the completion of his life-work, a book of philosophy. At this point the reader, not hardened by much reading of "off-colored literature," loses interest in the heroine. The acceptance of her new relation is so cold-blooded that the usual excuses for such a course cannot be given in her case. Reading on, one's interest is renewed. It becomes evident that a false philosophy, and not sensuality, is responsible for the woman's erratic course. The severance of the immoral relation, the suffering and anguish following the awakening of the true woman in the girl who had long thought herself soulless,—all this is told with wholesome suggestiveness, presenting the moral that a woman who would rise above a sinful past can so rise but will not find in individual or organized Christianity anything like the help which Christ extended to "that other Mary."—anything like the help she should find.

*The Arena Publishing Company, Boston. Paper 50 cents.

*Macmillan & Co., publishers, New York. Price \$1.00.

†Henry Holt & Co., New York, 75 cents.

MIDSUMMER.

IN perfect harmony the summer sings;
The rhythmic beat of tiny feet is heard
Below the light crescendo of swift wings,
As scarcely stirs the fragrant air a bird!
All nature seems to chant of rest—of rest
To weary toiling ones, world-sick at heart.
Lay down thy head on th' all-mother's breast
And of the earth-life feel thyself a part.
Weep quietly thy sins away; the clear
And soothing draughts of this pure atmosphere
Shall all thy sorrows banish as a dream;
A holy calm shall o'er thy spirit beam,—
When to the symphony of summer's rhyme
The pulses of thy inner life beat time.

PORT DODGE, IOWA.

Mary A. Kirkup.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

"A Misunderstood Man" is the title of an able and eloquent presentation of Professor Herron's theology and theory of practical Christianity, so scathingly censured by Governor Crouse of Nebraska, and by the press of the whole country, in the September MIDLAND.

Judge C. O. Nourse, the well known jurist, will in the September MIDLAND, give a thoughtful contribution to the solution of the Labor Problem.

Mrs. Elaine Goodale Eastman's story of Indian life will appear in the September MIDLAND.

The Prize Story and the Prize Poem in the June 30th Competition will be announced and published in the September MIDLAND. The Prize Club Paper of the year will appear in the October MIDLAND.

Professor Isaac Loos, of the State University, writes from Philadelphia that he hopes to have ready for publication in October his paper on University Extension, a subject in which every progressive community is bound to be interested.

The thousands who have enjoyed Mr. Hill's "Nooks and Crannies of Scotland" will be glad to hear that this engaging writer will next month begin a series of beautifully illustrated papers entitled "Along English Hedgerows." The first number will describe the Lake Country of England.

"Jefferson Davis and Black Hawk" by Curator Aldrich of the Historical Department, will be the next of the MIDLAND's interesting and valuable Autograph papers. It will give interesting reminiscences of Jefferson Davis' military career in the northwest, also Black Hawk's impression of Davis.

Mr. J. J. Smart, proprietor of Boniebrae Farm, Humboldt, in a letter of congratulation to the editor, says: "The Nooks and Crannies of Scotland are especially

interesting to me. I was delighted to see the old cathedral at Brechin, where Rev. Dr. McCosh used to preach, and where I as a small boy attended his Sunday-school in the basement of the large tower."

Mr. Carl Snyder, who is on THE MIDLAND's list of future contributors, has in The Journalist of May 5th, a feeling tribute to his dead friend, Frank Hatton. Thousands of THE MIDLAND's readers will join with this writer in pronouncing the untimely death of the editor of the Washington Post "just when he had reached the summit towards which his ambition had aimed and which he had toiled so hard to achieve," as "infinitely pathetic, infinitely sad."

A second paper on "Rain-making Down to Date," from the vigorous and pointed pen of Hon. J. R. Sage, Chief of the Iowa Weather Bureau, covering an entirely different phase of the subject, including the mooted question, "Does rain follow great battles?" will appear in the September MIDLAND.

Clara J. Denton, of Grand Rapids, Mich., whose prose articles in the *New York Independent*, have attracted attention, will soon appear as a MIDLAND poet.

Julien Richards, the best known of the Chicago *Tribune's* staff correspondents, west of Chicago, will begin in the September MIDLAND his long promised reminiscences of stirring scenes and events in the career of a staff correspondent.

"The Gold Fields of Alaska," is the title of a forthcoming paper by Col. John H. Keatley, late United States Judge of Alaska.

Col. Keatley's October instalment of "Life Among the Alaskans," will describe halibut fishing in Alaska, incidentally picturing the spirited contest between an Alaskan marine, weighing 150 pounds, and a halibut, weighing 170.

LATEST EXPRESSIONS OF OPINION.

A FEW OF MANY JUDGMENTS ON THE NEW AND REPRESENTATIVE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

One of the noteworthy progressive movements of the times is seen in the growing custom of having a magazine or periodical representative of the sectional interests of the country. Among the more recent advents into this field is THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, whose publication place

in Des Moines, Iowa, gives it an ample opportunity to accumulate and reproduce the history and work of that important section of the United States. But while the prime object of that publication is to reflect the literature and art of the Midlands, it is not exclusive in its character

and the major part of its contents has as much interest for the general reader as to the local constituent. With its June number *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY* finished its first volume, and a good insight into the work it is doing in perpetuating the history of its section can be gleaned from such articles as its series of "Representative Men." That *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY* has entered upon a well defined mission is substantiated by the result which it has so far secured, and its present success gives promising assurance that it will attain a worthy place in the field for which it is destined.—Boston (Mass.) Ideas.

Several attempts have been made to establish a first-class magazine in the West, but all have failed. *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY*, published at Des Moines, Iowa, however, appears to be edited in such a manner that success should be assured it by the patronage of all lovers of literature residing between the Allegheny and Rocky Mountains. This clientage secured, it will be easy to reach the territory of the older magazines. The July number is a great improvement over its predecessors and is full of strong articles interspersed with those of lighter vein.—Banner of Gold, Chicago, Ill.

Bright and entertaining. . . . Exquisite illustrations.—Tabor College Magazine.

Always good and always welcome.—Burlington Post.

The July number of *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY* is better than any previous number.—Washington Democrat.

THE MIDLAND Magazine is most beautiful, clean and attractive.—Winona (Minn.) Herald.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY for July is indeed a grand number.—Pythian Spear.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, published at Des Moines, Iowa, is winning popularity in the East.—American Newsman, New York city.

Very readable.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

This number closes the first volume of *THE MIDLAND*. . . . Its success has been phenomenal.—Sioux City Oracle.

No magazine in the country presents a table of contents so interesting to the Iowa public as does *THE MIDLAND*.—Dubuque Herald.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY closes its first volume. So far it has been a great success and its index for this first volume shows ample reason for the favor it has met among magazine readers.—Denver (Colo.) News.

One of the most interesting articles in the current number of *THE MIDLAND*

MONTHLY (Des Moines, Iowa) is by a St. Paul lady, Mrs. Mary J. Reid, who discusses some aspects of the works of James Whitcomb Riley, her views being wholly opposed to those entertained of him by Hamlin Garland as expressed in his recent article in McClure's Magazine.—St. Paul Dispatch.

With each succeeding number it comes more closely in touch with the great midland field which it is supposed to occupy. But it is not contented to occupy a limited field, neither will it be permitted to, for it has already become known as one of the brightest and best magazines in the West.—Central Ray, Central University of Iowa.

It provides diversion for hot weather and remedy for the blues.—Tacoma (Wash.) News.

Bland andra intressanta uppsatser innehåller senaste häftet en välskriven historik öfver det norska Luther College i Decorah.—Skandia, Sioux City.

It has more reading matter and a greater number and variety of articles than any previous issue, all showing prosperity.—Davenport Democrat.

In the July number of *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY*, the magazine with which was incorporated the Literary Northwest, appears an able and interesting article on James Whitcomb Riley, by Mrs. Mary J. Reid, formerly one of the editorial staff of the Literary Northwest.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

We notice *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY* is quoted in the Review of Reviews. Johnson Brigham has succeeded in issuing one of the brightest of the monthlies. *THE MIDLAND* is a magazine with a future.—Springville New Era.

The issue for July of *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY* has been received, and displays in a better light than ever the literary and mechanical genius behind it.—Cambridge Press.

It is the great Western magazine and the West ought to freely patronize it.—Ames Times.

Iowa, at last, has a magazine of its very own, and very proud is the Corn State of its literary baby. It has been christened *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY*, and bears on its neat cover a design of corn, "The full corn in the ear," stalk and all. It employs some of the best writers in the West and has for its owner and editor Mr. Johnson Brigham, late part owner and the editor of the Cedar Rapids Republican. Vive la *MIDLAND*.—The Journalist, New York.

The articles on "Alaska," by Colonel Keatley, are worth the price of a year's subscription.—Northwood Anchor.

A PATRIOTIC AND TIMELY UTTERANCE.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION DELIVERED BY JUDGE LONG OF THE MICHIGAN BENCH AND COMMANDER OF THE MICHIGAN DEPARTMENT OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

A fitting and timely contribution to the patriotic thought of the year is the oration delivered at Oelwein, Iowa, on the occasion of the notable Fourth of July celebration in that city. The orator of the day was the Hon. C. D. Long, of the Supreme Bench of Michigan and commander of the Department of Michigan, G. A. R. We take pleasure in reproducing the oration entire. The judge spoke as follows :

JUDGE LONG'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

When the pious Hebrew of the olden time engaged in the annual celebration of the deliverance of his people from the bondage of Egypt, he did so according to the prescribed form and with the entire household participating. As a part of this prescribed form, and at the commencement of the ceremonies, it was the assigned duty of a son to ask aloud : "What mean ye by this service?"

Then the father gave answer reciting to the family the story of the event they commemorated. Thus the celebration became a vehicle of instruction, and the memory of a most significant historic fact was kept alive. As the form was passed along from father to son, and from one generation to another, its meaning went with it, and the people were not allowed to follow a routine observance without understanding on each occasion what the observance signified.

And so it is, as we meet here to-day, that we may well ask : "What mean ye by this service?"

The birthday of a Nation, old or young (and certainly if young), is the time to dwell upon that image of progress which is our history ; that image so grand, so

dazzling ; that transition from the rocky and sterile coast at Plymouth and the sands at Jamestown, to this America whose shores are washed by two oceans ; that transition from this heroic yet feeble people of the Massachusetts colony, whose allowance to a man for a time per day, was twenty kernels of corn, and for three months no corn, to whom a drouth in the springtime was a fear and a judgment calling for humiliation before God—from that little band, who held their breath when a flight of arrows or a war cry broke the innocent sleep, or startled the brave watchers ; that transition from that handful and that want to these millions, whose area is a continent, whose harvest might load the board of famishing nations—for whom a world in arms has no terror !



HON. CHARLES D. LONG,
Of Lansing, Mich., Justice, Supreme Court of Michigan.

Well may we set apart a day to rejoice that this is our history; for since the morning stars first sang together there never was a people so abundantly blessed. When, therefore, we meet to celebrate such an event, and the question is asked: "What mean ye by this service?" we may well call up the history of the past, and dwell upon the most significant facts which gave the nation its life. For one hundred and eighteen years these historic facts have been reiterated, and they have been handed down from generation to generation; and we assemble to-day, that the lesson may be once more repeated, and that we may keep alive in this generation the story of our nation's life, and that our children may pass it down to theirs.

It is well for us, in our ceaseless struggle for a competence, that we have set apart one day when the plow is left in its furrow, when the shops are shut, and busy toil suspended, and we meet together and walk hand in hand and meditate upon our country's history and future prospects; when kindness may be revived and virtues remembered; when the strifes and the rivalries of communities may give place to a wider and warmer sentiment, and the cares and anxieties of life for a time forgotten. It is an occasion when we should spend a passing moment in remembrance of our fathers who bestowed this legacy upon us; when we should dwell upon the motives, the causes which led them to stake their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, to achieve this consummation, not forgetting, indeed, the sons of those illustrious sires who in our day and generation know what it is to leave hearthstones and family and go forth, to die it may be, but certainly to save the nation in her hour of peril. Filled with these patriotic sentiments, we echo the words of De Thou, a French historian of three centuries ago, when he said: "This is a maxim which I have received by hereditary tradition, not only by my father, but also from my grandfather and his ancestors, that after what I owe to God, nothing should be more dear or more sacred than the love and respect I owe my country."

Let us take a look backward and review the scenes through which our fathers passed, and recount their trials and hardships, and take courage for the future.

On a bleak December day in the year 1620 there disembarked on the shores of Massachusetts a small band of weary seafarers, numbering one hundred souls in all, the exponents of principles, not quite new indeed, but fruit of the truth taught

in Luther's time, that every man's conscience belongs to himself. They belonged to a religious sect to whom the established Church of England did not furnish, as they believed, the best way to worship the Deity, and had been forced to find in a foreign country that tolerance denied them at home. Weary with this residence among strangers in Holland, they longed for a home where this belief could find peaceful expression, and sought it in a strange land, a newly discovered wilderness. They brought with them their bibles and certain fundamental rights well known to Englishmen of that day; the trial by jury, the writ of habeas corpus, and the whole volume of the English common law applicable to their new condition, for this was even then the birthright of Englishmen. They were alone, on the edge of an unknown continent, one-half of their number dying within three months, dying two or three a day, and digging seven times as many graves as they built houses, leveling and scattering them over with leaves lest the Indians counting them might know the number that remained.

"Still amid the storm they sang,
And the sounding aisles of the dim
wood rang
To the anthems of the free."

Nowhere in the annals of history has such a scene been presented; nowhere does history recount such wonderful successes as followed from such a beginning. When we compare the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, we can find no parallel with this. When Spain, France and England, each sought in turn to establish colonies in the new world for the aggrandizement of power and the means of revenue for the support of royalty, all attempts to do so failed. It was only when a few brave people filled with the intrepid spirit of independence and love of liberty could be found, that the divine work of progression could be continued with a promise of success. These people, as also the Jamestown colony, suffered untold hardships upon the sea, disease upon the land, privations and famine, and were surrounded by savage beasts and more savage men, and yet were preserved through it all. From these small beginnings, from these handfuls of people, sprang this mighty nation.

After these first years of toil and privation and perseverance came the prosperity that comes to all in the conscientious discharge of duty. They planted, they builded, they multiplied and grew. The years passed; small settlements became cities, which in turn sent out explorers to

make new towns. More people from Europe sought this country as an asylum. Accessions followed, and the little colonies began to assume an importance in the eyes of all the world, and especially to that country, for whom with love in their hearts for the old institutions, traditions and hearthstones, the Pilgrim fathers had christened their new home New England. A decree went forth (not unlike another decree issued nineteen hundred years ago that "all the world should be taxed") that these infant colonies, which a century and a half before had been spewed out of England's mouth, should more largely contribute to the maintenance of that government whose chief care all those years had been to supply them with governors of its own choice, whether acceptable or not, to be governed, and to exact full tribute from them. The oldest man in all the country could remember no act of legislative kindness coming from the land whence they came. But they knew they were subjects of England's king, and so they said: "We will pay our assessments, provided the same rights are conceded to us that are bestowed upon those who live about the throne, who live at home." But when taxation was insisted upon and representation denied, and added to this the knowledge that American citizens had no protection at home or abroad, from seizure of person or property, and especially when transported beyond the sea for trial for pretended political offences against the crown, the old spirit of independence of tyranny and the determination to resist was fanned into flame. The story is old. Many of us have learned it at our mother's knee. I doubt not that it is familiar to us all, yet I always love to hear it repeated. The burning words of eloquence of Henry and Otis, the rapidly forming purpose to use arms if need be, and finally the shock at Lexington, then at Concord, then at Bunker Hill, where, around that smoke-wreathed summit, the sons of New England struggled.

At the commencement of the Revolution, on the one hand, may be seen the great sanctuary of the British power, on the other the fair temple of American independence. And thus the war with all the civil and military preparation came on. All races of men and all degrees of civilization took part in the conflict; the English veteran, the plaided highlander, the hireling peasantry of Hesse, the painted savage, and the chevaliers of Poland, the legions of France, the hardy American farmer, his leathern apron not always thrown aside, the mounted rifle-

man. We see all classes and all conditions of Americans united in the same holy purpose—all professions—all occupations—all trades. The clergy of that day did not hesitate to ask the Almighty for exactly what they wanted. It is recorded of President Dwight, of Yale college, that his zealotness for the cause of independence led him to pray: "Oh, Lord, we are commanded to pray for our enemies, we therefore pray thee that thou wilt take King George, the Third, to thyself." And it is said that the pious Jonathan Edwards once publicly prayed in this wise:

"Oh, Lord God Almighty: Be thou pleased to bless our army now fighting for our independence. Smile upon their efforts; but destroy our enemies. Send forth thy storms. Engulf them in the deep; and if they shall peradventure escape and arrive at this our land, gather them together as in the hollow of thy hand and let thy lightnings play upon them!"

For seven years the struggle continued and finally ended at Yorktown, where the flower of the British armies surrendered to the Americans led by the heroic Lafayette, the gallant Hamilton, an American, commanding the advance guard.

The revolutionary war was thus ended, and another nation had taken her place among the political powers of the earth to work out her salvation. It had not been a war for acquisition, nor of hatred of a rival people, and not even for the sole purpose of protecting American citizens from being plundered. It was essentially a war of principle, the germ implanted by Luther, the first blossoms brought over in the Mayflower and developed to ripened fruit by adversity and years of reflection. It was a conflict for a principle that enunciated: "All men are created free and equal," and announced it would concede only that which was just and right.

The principle had triumphed; but it remained to be seen if the people had wisdom and strength of purpose sufficient to preserve what they had achieved. The articles of confederation under which they had lived during the long struggle, it was found, afforded no adequate remedy for the evils then existing. The congress, as then organized, had no power, except as its acts were ratified and confirmed by the several states of the union, and it struggled hopelessly for a time to bring about a state of public security and a spirit of progress.

But a brighter day dawned upon the Republic. A new constitution was adopted, and under it the country arose

from its perplexities and took on new life. The colonies became states of a perfected union. All agreed to the compact, and in less than seventy-five years from that time we had emerged from destitution and want, to become one of the most powerful nations of the world. We had extended our domain from the narrow heritage between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic sea-board so that it reached to the Pacific on the west, and from the lakes to the gulf, and this by well nigh peaceful means. By the treaty with France, made in 1803; we acquired a large extent of territory westward of the Mississippi river. Included within that territory is your own beautiful Iowa, whose name well denotes, "The beautiful land." Our population had increased from three to fifty millions. We were at peace with all the world, and our country was the asylum of the oppressed and down-trodden of every land. Our sails whitened every ocean with a new and lawful commerce. We were one people, speaking one common language, cemented and welded together by a common purpose and business intercourse. Each state, while an independent sovereignty, belonged to a great family of states. The rulers of other lands looked on with jealous eyes that a government of the people, by the people, could endure so long. We had a new kind of government, it is true, but through the prowess and sufferings of a venerated ancestry, it was hooked together with hooks of steel. We were the inheritors of a common flag, which was the insignia of the power of the whole people, the North and the South, the East and the West. It was the same flag that was given to the air in revolutionary days, and to us it represented the sufferings of the past. All over our broad domain we set apart one day when we celebrated the birthday of the nation, and carried with us, at home and abroad the proud consciousness of American citizenship. The unthinking who witnessed all this growth, peace and prosperity, little dreamed that the struggles of our New England fathers would be repeated and that this time, brother would be pitted against brother in deadly combat—that the land would be drenched in the blood of our sons and our brothers. But war did come, and for more than four years its ravages were seen. Foreign nations looked on and were not altogether certain whether the union would sustain the shock. Some indeed, there were who hoped to see it dissolved and a monarchy built upon the ruins.

We need discuss at length neither the direct nor remote causes which brought

on the war. It need only be said that soon after the adoption of the constitution, a party arose in the South who taught the pernicious doctrine that when a difference arose between a state and the general government, the state was the sole judge of the cause which led to the differences, and the mode and measure of redress. The doctrine was wide spread at the South and gained adherents as the slavery question was agitated, until it was announced that the constitution was a mere compact, from which any of the states could withdraw at pleasure. It was further contended that there was no power under the constitution to coerce a state to remain in the union. Mr. Lincoln, unlike his immediate predecessor in the presidential office, did not interpret the constitution that way. He was not a believer in the states' right doctrine. He found the power within the terms of the constitution to prevent a dissolution of the union, and when Jefferson Davis during the war sent commissioners to make peace, Lincoln declared that the only ground upon which he could rest the justice of the war with his own people or with foreign powers was that the states never had been separated from the union, and he could not recognize or admit the separate independence of states that were still a part of the union.

But the doctrine of the right of a state to withdraw from the union at pleasure was settled by arbitrament of arms, and will not again, we trust, be a troublesome question in this government. The difficulty arose from sectional influences. The Southern people had been taught a loyalty to their own particular states by their orators and statesmen and had not that love for the union that we had ever had. Our pride and our patriotism was love of the nation above the state. All our hopes of future greatness as a nation, for the preservation of home and firesides centered in the preservation of the union. We had no hatred of the South; we fought for the enforcement of a principle. We now extend to them the hand of fellowship; but our patriotism is such that "we join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the union." It cost more than 300,000 lives to maintain and preserve it. The story of the war could be told only by telling the story of each individual sacrifice. Song and history have made immortal the courage that fought, that rallied amid disaster, that guarded the old flag by the young arm and the young heart's blood, that held on and held on until the magnificent consummation

crowned the effort to save the nation. To these men the nation owes its purification and preservation.

Peace came at last. As the republic was born amid tribulation and anguish, and rocked in the cradle of the storm, so it has been saved by the sacrifices of the best blood of the land. Our fathers had fought seven years of war and bloodshed for the independence of this nation, and their sons have preserved it from treason and rebellion, and to-day it ranks unquestionably the foremost among the nations of the earth, the van leader of modern civilization; and as we survey our progress as a nation and a people, and note the wondrous changes which so short a time has wrought, the transition from the rocky and sterile coast and the wilderness which the people of the Mayflower found, and realize that in the short period of less than twenty-seven years we have builded this great nation, we are lost in wonder and amazement. On a day like this we lay aside all party strifes and gather under the folds of this glorious banner, solemnly pledging ourselves anew that this government, this nation, shall not perish from the earth, but that through our efforts it shall go onward and upward, until all the people who live under its flag shall be free as God's free sunshine and realize in the fullest and broadest sense the promise given by the constitution: "A government of the people, by the people and for the people."

We should, however, forget the grand successes that have been ours, the victories we have won, and on such a day as this examine the body politic to ascertain if there be any seeds of discord and elements of weakness of a character which might end in disaster and death to the nation. Our system of government is peculiar. It springs directly from the heart and brain of the people themselves. It bears upon its front an impress of such intellectual greatness as we have attained. It carries within itself such weaknesses as we may be subject to. It reflects the individuality of the great mass of men and women who give it life, and each one of whom has more or less to do in shaping its policy and placing the impress of thought and character upon its achievements. It reflects the distinctive education of the people from day to day, their peculiar habits of thought, their industries, and even "the eternal tide of human passions are ever marked upon its face as is the temperature of the weather by the mercury in the glass."

While this close relation between the government and the governed is an element of the greatest strength, and pro-

ductive of the greatest good so long as the education, habits and industries are kept in the right channel; on the other hand it might prove an element of the greatest weakness to an educated or mis-educated people, to an unambitious and lazy people, to a wicked, deceiving, dishonest people, or to a politically intriguing people.

It follows that our people should be educated in the right direction—in correct habits, in useful industries, in productive enterprises, in all those branches of labor which as a result bring health of mind and body, and the acquisition of peaceful homes, in the appreciation of the grave responsibility of self-government; for we cannot be a careless, indifferent people with our large and still larger increasing population, and the demand that is constantly being made for wise plans to be devised and carried out, that shall result in the mutual benefit of every member of this complex body politic; and above all should such education be directed to the development of the individual intellectual and moral character, to the end that the nation may feel the influence of the great mass of broad-minded men and women who shall toil to place it upon a plane of intellectual and moral greatness, for a nation can only be good and great as its people are good and great. Especially is this true under our system, where the government derives all its powers from the consent of the governed. As a stream of water is no purer than the fountain-head, so our government is no purer than the people who give to it all the power it possesses. If we would keep the government pure, we must keep the people pure in thought, purpose and deed. Indeed, the nobility of the character of the people is a nation's chiefest safeguard and shield and protection. Then will follow that love of country which only comes with a full knowledge of all its protecting power, and which inspired our fathers to establish such a government, and he who does most to further and promote these elements of national strength and greatness, is entitled to be considered as the chief of the nation's benefactors. This knowledge of peaceful pursuits, this promotion of the industries, this education of the mind and heart, constitute the real foundation of good government, and even the motive power for that government when once established. Properly understood, these elements not only bring the contentment of mind that comes with the conviction of a life lived in conformity with the laws of its being, but also bring individual, national and material

success, and success is what we all toil for, what we all hope for. It is the standpoint from which is judged the ability or fitness of all men, and is the jewel which decorates an honest, industrious people. But that men may be successful in the enterprises of a country, whether agricultural, mechanical, commercial or professional, they must have a natural aptitude for the occupation adopted, and be properly instructed in it. They must study details and master difficulties as they present themselves. Have we not spent too much time in educating a nation of talkers and too little in developing a nation of thinkers and workers? Had we, as a nation, adopted the motto: "Think out your work, and then work out your thoughts," I imagine, our statute books and the general sentiment of each community would bear evidence of its wholesome influence. At the threshold of manhood, let our young men examine well, not their opportunities, for a man can make his opportunities if the will be only strong enough, but their capabilities and inclinations to see what they are best fitted to become. This thought should guide those who directly influence childhood and who have the best chance of studying the disposition and tastes of the young confided to their care. To the wise, the seeds of future possibilities and impossibilities are early discernable. The embryo artist, musician, orator, statesman, artisan and tradesman early discloses himself, and it needs only the proper training to make life a success in the appropriate channel. Each method of obtaining an honest livelihood is equally honorable. Every man in the nation cannot be an office holder. The great mass of mankind must find employment in some of the varied industries and professions of the country. It has been settled for all time in this country that labor is ennobling and not degrading; and it is infinitely better to teach our young men that a life of honest labor in any trade or employment is better and leads to a happier life than the scramble for office and political power; to teach them that if they are industrious, studious and trusty they may become good mechanics or artisans, or adorn some useful profession and live happy and die regretted. This would tend to direct their thoughts in the proper channel, and natural talents would be developed for those walks of life for which they are best suited. Instead, too often, our young men are pointed to the history of Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon, and to the various presidents and generals of the United States, who have arisen from obscurity

and poverty to become the admiration and wonder of the world, and enjoined to follow in their footsteps. While it is perfectly proper and desirable that the young imagination should be stimulated to rise above the contentment of mere existence by the relation of the deeds of valor of heroes, the magic of oratory and the achievements of statesmen; yet would it not be as well at the same time to lay down the broad platform of the value of existence as a whole, that he who best can serve his fellow man is the greatest of all, and that this must be done in conformity with the laws of each human being's natural endowments? A few years ago the world was startled by the report that a German physician had discovered a remedy that would cure the fatal disease of consumption. Had it been true, what fame and honor would have been poured upon the discoverer? What comparison could then have been made between this man, who, in his day, sought to become the savior of millions of his fellow men, and those, who in their time, had done their utmost to put a yoke of bondage upon all suffering humanity? Or what parallel drawn between the man who was a benefactor to the whole race, and those who for a short time had been the recipients of their countrymen's honor? Men are constantly at work diligently treading out the paths for others to follow, opening new fields in all the departments of science, bringing to view the treasures of the earth's resources, finding new and more convenient methods of locomotion, discovering to all the knowledge of the mysteries of machinery and the intricacies of political economy, broadening the mental vision, and stimulating to loftier ideals the spiritual nature, and all to the end that the mass of mankind may be made happier and purer men and women.

I do not mean by this that I would curb the ambition of any young man or woman to attain eminence in this nation. But eminence may be sought through other channels than political office. How many fields are open, not only for our young men, but for our girls, where honor and respect may be obtained, and peace, contentment and happiness found! We need good farmers; we need the knowledge which causes "two blades of grass to grow where but one had grown before;" we need good housewives and good mothers; we need a revival of patriotic inspiration, an intense Americanism; we need the public sentiment which shall cause the place to seek the man and not the man the place; we need the spirit of the ancient Hebrews, who sought for the

wisest man to place upon their throne to conduct the affairs of the nation; we need above all that pride of honest industry which despises idleness as the root of all evil. Some of the greatest intellects of past civilizations have not been ashamed to toil, and so generally was this industrial spirit infused into the people of Rome, when she was mistress of land and sea, that one of her greatest orators, in accounting for the great productiveness of her soil, said that: "The earth took delight in being tilled by the hands of men crowned with laurels and decorated with triumphal honors."

If our young men and young women in the rural districts could be made to see the nobility of labor, and that honest industry in almost every occupation, profession, trade or employment is sure to bring a competence, and with it contentment and happiness, it would deter many from abandoning the field and farm and rushing into the great cities, there to be ruined, in many cases, or to be swallowed up in that maelstrom of calamities incident to a life of speculation and trade. We often hear it said by them that they want opportunities for training, for education, for development, and that these can only be found in the great cities; that no growth, intellectually, can be had except there. This theory is fallacious. With our present system of education, with the rapid growth of printing, with the cheapness of books, newspapers and periodicals, disseminating information on all subjects, every man or woman in the country may obtain all the knowledge of the affairs of life as readily in the country as in the cities, except what would be required to pursue some special vocation. Cheap printing has brought within the reach of the masses the very treasures of literature, opening up to them the delights of the mind unknown to the lawgiver or sovereign of ancient times. The daily newspapers are read even by the poorest, and give to them glimpses of the doings of all classes of society and news from all parts of the earth.

Our duty then as citizens of the Republic is plain. It consists, not only in the acquisition of worldly goods and promotion of all industries and sources of wealth, that tend to secure the bodily comfort of our people, not only in the education of the intellectual being, not only in following the mandates of our divine master, but also to give the question of self government the thought and study its importance upon our lives and upon posterity demands. With the billions of inhabitants upon the surface of the globe to-day, the perplexing problem of all

nations is that of government. Most especially is it to us, who believe we have reached the right solution and have taken upon ourselves the task of proving to all ages the correctness of our method. We believe that we have settled for all time that when people govern themselves, make the laws by which they wish to abide, they constitute a happier, nobler commonwealth, better fitted for eternity, than when they allow the intellect of a few to act for them. We are resolved that our nation shall maintain its greatness among the political powers of the earth. We stand in little fear from foreign foe. We do not so much need coast defenses as the adjustment of our internal affairs; to know what we need, to make an intelligent demand for it, and then see that through the proper vehicle of the law, that the demand is carried into effect. The most narrow minded can see what they think would prove of benefit to a certain class of individuals, but relief must be sought by measures that would result in the greatest good to the greatest numbers. It requires the thoughtful consideration of the wisest, to devise what those measures shall be. Resorts to violence are properly frowned upon and suppressed. Resorts to lawful methods for redress of wrongs are to be encouraged. It is proper to be discontented if cause therefor should exist, for only the earth-born have no aspirations for better conditions; it is extremely improper to put that discontent into acts of violence. Reforms must be brought about in the legitimate way, and existing ills banished by the same power that allowed them to come into existence, and vigilance for the welfare of the republic is as much the price of liberty as it was in the days of Washington. The people must demand and insist upon decency in that which is directly under their control, in primaries, caucuses and conventions; they must demand honesty in politics, free ballots, pure elections, honest canvasses, and integrity in legislative halls, on the bench and in all official life; and when the reverse is found to be true it should be mercilessly exposed and punished. In no other way can a healthy sentiment be aroused and people brought to a proper regard of the causes, which left uncontrolled, would undermine popular government. But I believe the people of this great Republic may be trusted, and that there is a great reserve force of justice and intelligence which has in the past and will in the future, assert itself and command obedience to law and order.

You, my friends, live in a great state which only a few years ago was untrod-den by the foot of white man. It was the sixteenth to be admitted into the union of states, and is to-day decorated with beautiful homes, churches and school houses and public edifices. Its surface is most picturesque and is underlaid with exhaustless mines of coal and minerals. It abounds with grassy lawns and verdant plains, interspersed with groves and meandering rivulets, and intersected by large rivers. You have all needful railroads and convenient facilities for the transportation of your im-mense harvests of corn, wheat, oats and all other products of your wealth. You have more than two millions of people actually residing within your borders, who are all developers of the state's re-sources. Within a few years your state has grown from an uncultivated waste into a picture of refinement and wealth. Why should you not rejoice on such an occasion as this in your citizenship of such a country and such a state. The evidences of your prosperity round about this beautiful city of Oelwein are every-where to be seen. Well may we predict its future greatness with such a people,

for American pluck and enterprise can build a city in a day. They have rubbed the lamp of Aladdin; the powerful genii will appear, and you will awake in the morning and find a city builded; and the same spirit prevails all over the land. Let us be thankful for the material wealth with which a kind Providence has so abundantly blessed us. Let us be thank-ful for our form of government and our laws, which give the same freedom to the most lowly within our borders, for in all the centuries the earth has traveled on in its orbit there was never before a nation where every man is a sovereign, where the rich man and the poor man, the high and the low, are but equals be-fore the law. Let us love our country with the same fervor with which our fathers were inspired, and which led our brothers to sacrifice their lives to pre-serve it. As we stand here under the folds of this glorious banner we realize the promise of freedom and protection it gives, and believe that it will float over a united, free and happy people forever and forever. As it was proper on this occasion to ask as of old in the hearing of the people: "What mean ye by this service!" so have I attempted to answer.

Bound Volumes of The Midland Monthly (containing the numbers for six months) cloth sides, leather back and corners, **\$2.75**; cloth **\$2.50**.

Back numbers will be exchanged, if in good condition, for corresponding bound volumes, in cloth for **\$1.00**; cloth, leather back and corners, **\$1.25** per volume (six numbers), subscribers paying charges both ways. Postage on **THE MIDLAND**, 25 cents. All numbers sent for binding should be plainly marked with owner's name and address. *We cannot bind or exchange copies the edges of which have been trim-med by machine.* Cloth covers for **THE MIDLAND**, 50 cents.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOUR CASH PRIZES OFFERED FOR THE THIRD QUARTERLY COMPETITION.

This magazine will be filled every month with the choicest and best literature obtainable from all sources, professional and otherwise. But in order to encourage the large and growing number of its subscribers who may, with propriety, be termed amateurs in literature,—that is, those who are not making literature a profession,—the publisher of **THE MIDLAND** offers a special prize to amateur writers of both prose and verse, as follows:

A New Prize.—For the best *Original Descriptive Paper*, with accompanying Photographs or Drawings, or both, a cash prize of \$20.00 will be awarded.

For the best *Original Short Story or Sketch*, a cash prize of \$10.00 will be awarded.

For the two best *Original Poems* occupying not more than a page of this maga-zine, a cash prize of \$5.00 each will be awarded.

This contest is open to all yearly subscribers to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. It will close September 30, 1894. It will be followed by other special announcements.

This is not intended to interfere with the regular literary contributions to **THE MIDLAND**. Those who enter the contest will please clearly state such intention on sending their MS., that there may be no misunderstanding.

Failure in one contest is no bar to entrance in future contests. Any one sub-scriber may enter any number of contributions. The names of contributors will be withheld from the judges and the names of the unsuccessful will be withheld from the public.

GROWTH OF AN IOWA TOWN.

WHAT ENERGY, HARMONY AND FAITH IN IOWA HAVE DONE.

**Invest Your Money In Iowa, and Look Over Your Investment
Before You Make It.**

The study of shrewd and practical men to-day is how to harmonize the various interests of business and society so that each one will help the other, and in so doing receive a benefit in return. It is on this principle that the phenomenal success achieved by

The City of Oelwein,

has been secured. Three years ago OELWEIN was a small hamlet. To-day it has 2,600 inhabitants, every one working in harmony with his or her neighbor. Thirty-nine new houses are being erected this month (July); a \$30,000 brick block is being built by Jamison Bros., bankers, and other and greater enterprises are taking shape. OELWEIN has a creamery that sold \$94,000 worth of butter last year, and is situated in the center of the finest agricultural region in the world.

THE OELWEIN LAND COMPANY

has a contract with the Chicago, Great Western Railway to move its shops from St. Paul to Oelwein. The present pay roll of the shops in St. Paul is \$35,000 per month, which will be doubled after removal. The Oelwein Land Company has formed two syndicates in Oelwein of \$20,000 each, to purchase one tract of 200 lots at wholesale at \$100 each, and one tract of 200 lots at \$125 each, and has already sold \$22,000 worth of lots in Des Moines at \$125 per lot; such gentlemen as Governor Jackson, State Auditor McCarthy, Capt. Head, president of the Iowa Bankers State Bank, and many other leading men of Des Moines having made investments. Several prominent Des Moines ladies have also joined the syndicate. The Company has an option on over 2,000 acres surrounding the entire city, which is offered in five, ten, and forty acre tracts at reasonable prices, giving purchasers of lots the opportunity to profit by the rise in real estate values. There are now 500 houses within the old corporate limits. There are 1,600 lots added to the city, making it one and one quarter mile square. When the present population is doubled the 1,600 lots will be absorbed, and that will be done when the new shops are in operation.

A \$2,500,000 College.

Five hundred acres have been set aside on which to build a non-sectarian, classical college to cost \$2,500,000. This institution is to have twelve chairs, each liberally endowed—a Y. M. C. A. chair, a W. C. T. U. chair, a Christian Endeavor chair, an Epworth League chair, and eight others. The idea is to unite and harmonize all religious denominations in a great college which will offer to the masses a complete college course of five years for only \$6.00 a year, or interest on three thousand scholarships to be sold at \$100, payable at the end of the five years' course.

WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

These, in brief, are some of the reasons why OELWEIN is a safe place for investment. There are many others. Lots purchased for \$150 a few weeks ago are now selling readily for \$300 and \$325, as shown by the list of transfers in the recorder's office. Write for full particulars to,

E. F. HOUSE,

Or, BURKE & BLAISE, Gen. Manager Oelwein Land Co., Oelwein, Iowa.
Clapp Block, Des Moines, Iowa.

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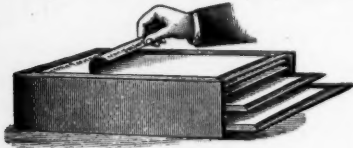
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